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THE MUSIC REVIEW

VOL. XI, NO. 3

Edited by GEOFFREY SHARP

AUGUST, 1950

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A Neglected Bach Manuscript

BY

WALTER EMERY

IN *The Musical Times*, September, 1896, F. G. Edwards gave a brief account of a manuscript, formerly the property of Benjamin Cooke (1734-93), in which some Bach works are attributed to John Robinson (1682-1762). This MS is a remarkable curiosity that deserves a more detailed description.

It is bound up in a volume of music, largely composed by Cooke and in his writing, now at the British Museum and catalogued as Royal College of Music 814. The Bach movements seem originally to have formed an independent MS of twenty pages (folios 42-50; pages 85-104, as numbered by Cooke). Pages 85-6 and 103-4 formed a wrapper. Pages 87-8 (which have been torn out since Cooke numbered the pages) and 97-8 formed another wrapper, enclosing two folded sheets (pages 89-92 and 93-6). Pages 99-102 are another folded sheet, enclosed in the outer wrapper. All these sheets have the watermark JW across the central fold. I do not think this watermark occurs elsewhere in the volume.

The Bach movements were written by two scribes, whose work is mixed up in a complicated way that it is unnecessary to describe here. Scribe I, to judge from his weak writing, and from the fact that he seems to have had difficulty in understanding the MS from which he was copying, may have been a young student. His treble clefs somewhat resemble those used in some catches said to have been written by Benjamin Cooke junior in 1771, at the age of ten (R.C.M. 814, p. 129, and 813, p. 81). Scribe II wrote a firm confident hand not unlike that of Cooke senior, as it appears in R.C.M. 815, 824, and 814; in the latter MS, especially on pp. 80, 70-71 (dated 30th December, 1778), and 109 (dated 25th September, 1775).

Page 85 contains nothing but a scale showing the F, C, and G clefs and the positions of *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la* in the keys of G, C and F. This is clearly written, perhaps by Cooke senior. On p. 104 some less capable person, perhaps Cooke junior, has made two or three attempts at writing out the same exercise. These are the outer pages of the outside wrapper.

Page 86 is blank, and pp. 87-8, as I have said, have been torn out. A movement in B flat, entitled *Preludum pro: Organo Pedaliter*, occupies pp. 89, 90, and part of 91. A short *Adagio* (Ex. 1)* occupies the rest of p. 91. A *Trio a 2 Clav: e Pedal* in G minor occupies pp. 92-7 and part of 98. A short Recitative, headed *tutti*, occupies the rest of p. 98 (Ex. 2). A *Fuga pro Organo Pedaliter* in B flat occupies pp. 99-103. Three staves are used throughout.

At the foot of p. 103 Cooke has written: *By the Late/Mr. John/Robinson/ Organist/Predecessor to/B. C.* (Cooke succeeded Robinson as organist of

* In all the examples, obvious errors have been corrected—without notice, whenever it would have been impossible to discuss them briefly.

Westminster Abbey.) A pencilled note follows; it is not very clear, but reads somewhat thus: *It is curious that Dr. Cooke shd not have known this fine Fugue was the composition of Sebastian Bach, not John Robinson. It forms part of No. 5 of Coventry Edition of the Pedal Fugues of Bach.*

Ex.1 Adagio

At the beginning of the volume Cooke made a list of its contents. The relevant entry runs: *Pedal Lesson for Organ or Harpsichord. 89. Robinson.* (There are no entries for pp. 85-8.)

Ex.2 (originally on three staves)

The Prelude and the Fugue are transposed versions of the organ movements commonly known as the "Short" C major (B.G. XV. 212; Peters II. 2; Novello III. 70); and the Trio is a version of the finale of the G minor Sonata for viola da gamba and clavier (B.G. IX. 213).

These must have been among the first Bach works to reach England, and one would like to know how they did so. They were not handed to Robinson by J. C. Bach; for Robinson died on 30th April, 1762, and J. C. Bach did not arrive in England until after 8th July, 1762. One would also like to know why Cooke attributed them to Robinson; by all accounts, the latter was no composer, and Cooke must have known this, for he had been connected with Robinson for nearly twenty years.

Edwards may or may not have been right in setting aside the *Adagio* as showing "no trace of Bach", and the *tutti* as being "evidently not by him"; but the other movements are of considerable interest.

Two versions of the Prelude have been known ever since Griepenkerl printed them in Peters II (1844); he found the shorter and inferior version in a MS that had passed through Forkel's hands. Rust found a similar version in a Voss MS, and printed the first and last bars of it in B.G. XV. The main difference between the Forkel-Voss version and the final text is that the latter is six bars longer; it has three introductory bars, which reappear, somewhat thickened up, at the end. Thus, the final text provides the Forkel-Voss version with an introduction and coda based on different material.

The "Robinson" text begins like the Forkel-Voss version, but differs from it—apart from the transposition and some minor discrepancies—in having at the end the final text of the pedal solo, and three extra bars which, unlike the extra bars of the final version, are not based on independent material (Ex. 3).

Ex. 3 (originally on three staves)

The musical score for Ex. 3 is presented on three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The third staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The score includes a section marked [sic] and a final section marked [sic] with a double bar line.

The "Robinson" text uses the high c''' . Transposed into the key of C, this would become d''' , a note that was not always available. There was a d''' at Arnstadt (J. M. Duncan, *Musical Times*, April, 1925, p. 343), and the note

occurs in the G minor Fantasia, and in the C major Toccata referred to below; but there are a number of works in which Bach can be seen taking pains to avoid it—most conspicuously in bar 313 of the Toccata in F.

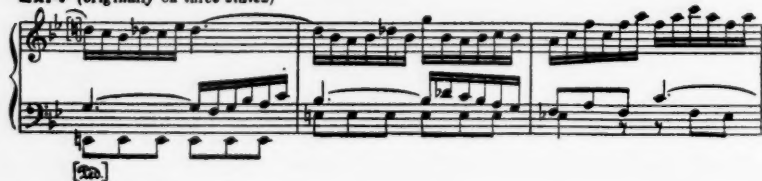
The Westminster Abbey organ had the high *d'''* from about 1730 onwards, but no pedals until about 1778, and then only thirteen pipes. It follows that Robinson and Cooke did not need to transpose these pieces, and that they could not in any case have played them without assistance.

It is doubtful whether Bach meant the G minor Trio to be associated with the Prelude and Fugue. On the one hand, the curious make-up of the MS is not inconsistent with the supposition that the scribes originally set out to copy only the Prelude and Fugue; on the other hand, it is well known that in his organ works Bach more than once provided links of one kind or another between Preludes and Fugues. The early G major (B.G. XXXVIII. 9; Peters IV. 9; Novello VII. 80) has a bridge-passage. The Toccata in C (B.G. XV. 253; Peters III. 72; Novello IX. 137) has an Italianate slow movement as well as a *Grave* bridge-passage. A Kellner MS of the "Great" G major contains thirteen bars of a Trio (the Finale of Organ Sonata IV), with a note that these bars were in Bach's original MS, and that the Trio (which, so far as Kellner knew, was never completed) was to have been played after the Prelude. Finally, the "Short" C major itself, again in a Kellner MS, but also in the Moscheles Autograph, has a central trio (the *Largo* of Organ Sonata V, complete).

The Finales of the gamba Sonata and of organ Sonata IV are fast movements. The Preludes and Fugues in G and C are on the brisk side, and it is easier to imagine them with slow central trios than with fast ones. It is therefore not inconceivable that in the C major Bach tried the gamba Sonata movement, but found the *Largo* of organ Sonata V more suitable; and that in the G major he decided, while actually writing it out, that the finale of Sonata IV would not do.

Of the numerous differences between the "Robinson" and gamba versions of the G minor finale, it must suffice to say here that, roughly speaking, they are of three types. First, a great deal of the bass figuration is different, owing to the limitations of two feet as compared with those of five fingers. Secondly, the gamba version has in bar 4 a high *d'''*, which does not occur in the organ version; and there are corresponding differences in bars 6, 12, 14, 16, and elsewhere. Thirdly, there is evidence of revision by Bach: for instance, in the organ version bars 19-22, 69-72, and 74-6 have a moving instead of a pedal bass: bars 42-44 appear as in Ex. 4: and the movement ends at the

Ex. 4 (originally on three staves)



second half of bar 109, so that it is two bars shorter than the gamba version.

On the whole, it seems likely that the "Robinson" trio was arranged not from the gamba movement, but from an earlier version, possibly for some other combination of instruments. Something of this kind seems to have happened to the finale of the G major gamba Sonata also; for this whole Sonata is a revised version of a trio-Sonata for two flutes and continuo, and there is an organ version of its finale (printed by Seiffert in Peters IX, p. 35). The status of this G major organ Trio is doubtful. It may be the original from which the flute movement was made: or an arrangement of a lost instrumental original: or, perhaps, an arrangement of the flute movement. The only thing certain is that it is not an arrangement of the gamba movement.

If, as seems likely, these two organ Trios are arrangements of instrumental works, the question arises whether they were arranged by Bach; but they probably were, for there is nothing to connect them with any of his better pupils, and hardly anyone else could have played them.

Here and there, the "Robinson" trio throws light on the gamba Sonata text: for instance (what is in any case obvious), that the first gamba note in bar 58 should be tenor c.

Of the Fugue there is little to be said. The first nine bars of the last pedal entry (not four notes, as Edwards' wording suggests) are a seventh higher than in the ordinary C major text. (In C, this entry begins on the lowest note of the pedal-board. It therefore had to be altered for this B flat version; but the alteration need not have covered more than four bars.) In bar 45, the left hand has the equivalent of *c' e' a' c''*—agreeing with the Clauss but not with the Moscheles autograph. There are a few other discrepancies that are not worth listing here, since, like all the minor "Robinson" variants, they mean little in the light of the inadequate information at present available.

If Rust had done his duty as editor of the Collected Edition, and had recorded all the variants in all the MSS known to him, it might now have been possible to key the "Robinson" variants in with the rest, establish the textual history of the Prelude and Fugue, and so obtain some insight into the other problems presented by this MS—whether Bach meant the trio to be associated with the Prelude and Fugue, and whether he wrote the *Adagio* and *tutti*. As things are, one can only guess; but a working theory is better than no theory at all, and one guess may be worth recording.

When only two versions of the Prelude were known—the Forkel-Voss and the final one—it was natural to suppose that they represented Bach's first and second thoughts; although, as Rust pointed out, the Forkel-Voss text could also be regarded as a mere perversion due to some copyist. The "Robinson" text opens up a new possibility: that Bach began by writing the "Robinson" version, but in the key of C. The result would have been unplayable on many organs, owing to the high *d'''*; but this difficulty could have been overcome in several ways, of which three are significant. The first would be to omit the coda, as in the Forkel and Voss MSS; the second, to transpose the whole work into B flat, as in the "Robinson" MS; the third, to write a new coda and add an introduction to balance it, as in the final version.

Anyone who cares to work the details out will find that although it is easy to account for the "Robinson" variants, and for most of those recorded by Rust, there remain a few that require *ad hoc* explanations. The suggestion I have put forward is therefore to be regarded as a mere conjecture; it may nevertheless be helpful to someone who has access to the German MSS. Their readings will settle the matter; much depends on whether there are any corrections in the Clauss autograph.

Meanwhile, the "Robinson" MS does give three definite results. First, it does not affect the B.G. text of the Prelude and Fugue to any great extent (if at all). Secondly, the "Robinson" text of the Prelude represents a stage in the development of that movement which, so far as I am aware, has not been properly recorded. And thirdly, if the "Fiddle" Fugue may fairly be called a Bach organ work, so, most probably, may the G minor Trio; and its existence ought to be more widely known.

Bach's F Major Violin Sonata

BY

E. D. MACKERNESS

IN 1936 the house of Peters published a Sonata by Bach for violin and cembalo in F major. The editor was Ludwig Landshoff, who claimed that the publication constituted an "Erstausgabe". In Landshoff's carefully documented foreword to the Sonata it was disclosed that the work is an arrangement by Bach himself of a Trio in G for flute, violin and continuo written some years before the Cothen period—to which the present composition has been assigned. Landshoff explains that the custom of converting three-part sonatas into works for cembalo with an *obligato* solo part was fairly common among Baroque musicians. Another example occurs in the case of Bach's viola da gamba Sonata in G which was originally a Trio for two flutes and bass: and several trios by C. P. E. Bach have come down to us in this form. Landshoff gives some very revealing tables of variants which show the manner in which Bach treated the Trio when he turned it into a violin Sonata. In the course of the four movements there are thirty-four textual differences, some of greater significance than others. Probably the most important occurs in the second movement (a $\frac{3}{4}$ *vivace*) where the fifty-two bars of the Trio have been increased in number to eighty in the Sonata, the added material greatly improving the quality of the whole piece. Landshoff notes from this instance that when Bach was revising an earlier work he invariably extended what he had originally written, in this way developing further his previous musical thought.

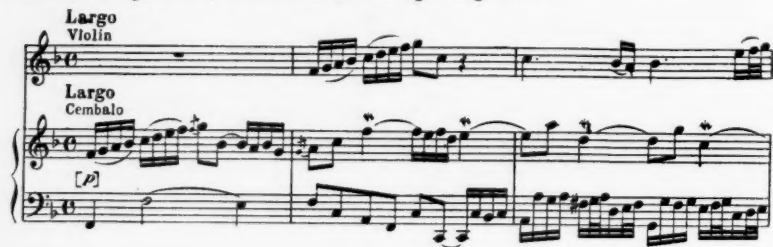
In his *J. S. Bach* Albert Schweitzer has reminded us that the distinction between the *obligato* clavier and the *accompanying* clavier must be kept in mind when we are thinking of Bach's works for a "solo" instrument and keyboard. "In Bach", he says, "we do not get a 'sonata for violin and clavier' . . . but a 'sonata for clavier and violin'. . . ." In Bach's time, he goes on to explain, works of this kind were usually considered as trios: our difficulty nowadays, of course, is that of giving the keyboard instrument—in the light of this useful observation—a significance that is perceptibly appropriate to Bach's real demands. But the construction of the F major Sonata suggests that a third category may be helpful in considering the keyboard parts of Bach's violin works as a whole. We should then attempt a classification which would embrace

- (a) the works for clavier and violin (the six sonatas, and other pieces where the "two" parts are of roughly equal strength);
- (b) the items explicitly for violin with continuo accompaniment (the two sonatas in G and E minor, etc.);
- (c) those compositions in which the keyboard part dominates over a pleasing but not organically essential violin part (the F major Sonata).

Certain of Bach's sons were masters of the "accompanied clavier sonata"; and although it would be unwise to look upon this F major work as a completely

realized achievement in that *genre*, there are signs that in writing it Bach's design was to favour the keyboard player rather than the violinist, whose position here is subsidiary and somewhat apologetic, as in most of the later "accompanied" clavier sonatas.

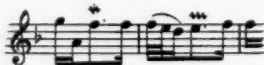
In this Sonata, the clavier has taken over practically all of the line entrusted to the flute in the Trio. Most of this is naturally pitched slightly higher than the line given to the violin. In three out of the four movements it is the cembalo which takes the lead: and the violin's role in the ensemble is now that of a recessive partner, as is seen in the opening bars:—



Except for the fact that it has been transcribed, the text of the violin part remains much the same as it was in the Trio. The cembalo part, on the other hand has been altered "rhetorically": for example, this figure from the flute in the Trio:—



becomes this in the Sonata:—



Parts of the bass line have been "divided" to make this, in the Trio:—



appear as this in the Sonata:—



At the same time the intermediate harmony constructed from figures below the bass line has been taken away, leaving the two lines completely bare (there is not a single chord in the whole work). More significant than these minor differences, however, is the fact that the cembalo part of the Sonata is richly ornamented (though not overloaded with ornaments as were the manuscript copies of the six sonatas which belonged to C. P. E. Bach; see Schweitzer,

page 395): and the ornaments used are the same in kind as those found in the *French Suites*, Bach being apparently no longer willing to leave the question of embellishment to the discretion of the player (Landshoff argues that this is further evidence that the Sonata was a product of Bach's later career). As is well known a distinguishing feature of the six sonatas is the manner in which the two instruments "complement" each other in the effort to make manifest the artistic unity of each work. An approach to that kind of writing is occasionally made in the F major Sonata as in the following at bar 27 of the first movement:—



But with the possible exception of the third movement (*Adagio*) Bach does not utilize anything like the full potentialities of the violin as a melody instrument. And it is interesting to note that in the new sections which have been used to augment the vivacious second movement, the violin has to submit to inclusion as decidedly the weaker party:—



The violin does not undertake any of this syncopation, which in the bars immediately preceding the last quotation (67) is distributed ingeniously over the keyboard part so as to involve each of the three beats of the bar:—

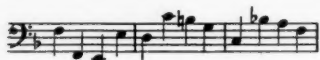


All the movements are on a small scale compared with the other sonatas (the *Adagio* has only fifteen bars). And Bach makes no attempt to give the violin anything to play which is of a "bravura" nature: nor does he use its individual tonal characteristics to present different aspects of musical figures of speech which have first been enunciated by the cembalo. (Examples of this—and its opposite—occur all through the six sonatas, of course: the second movement of the E major Sonata is as good an illustration as any.) Instead, he continues

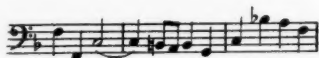
to add ornaments to the cembalo part with the intention of rendering it bright and conspicuous. Here, for instance, in bar 10 of the *Adagio* he uses four different ornaments to help the cembalo assert itself over the violin's thin covering of necessary harmonic background:—



In the fugal *Presto* which concludes the Sonata Bach has made one major alteration: he has substituted the modern 4/4 *tempo* signification for the older "cut time" in the trio, thus helping the players to obtain a clearer conception of the accentuation to adopt. There are a few slight thematic changes, such as



in the Trio, altered to



in the Sonata. And the deletion of the intermediate "static" harmony above the bass line throws the three voices into a prominence which they did not enjoy in the Trio. This is appreciated in a passage such as the following



where the slight chromatic interest is rendered more vivid by the bareness of the interlocking parts. The same thing is found, of course, in Bach's other sonatas: but there the association of the two instruments is more prolonged and more successfully integrated.

The F major Sonata contains several reminiscences of music to be found in other violin works of Bach. At bar 38 of the *Presto*, for instance, there is a figure which recalls the second subject of the first movement from the double Concerto in D minor. But the most interesting similarity is the one which arises from the fact that the bass part of the Trio from which this later Sonata is taken happens to be nearly identical with that of the violin and continuo Sonata in G, published by Breitkopf & Härtel in 1929. Hubert Parry has

suggested that this bass line may be "not improbably" of Italian origin—perhaps by Albinoni. But knowing as much as we do of the way Bach used material of his own, and of other composers, not merely once but several times in different works, there is no necessity to deliberate on the chronological relationship of these three items. All that need concern us is the fact that beside the full and beautifully sustained violin part of the G major Sonata, the treble line of the F major work appears very slight and inconsequential. It has no comparable significance in helping to evolve the musical development. An interesting illustration of this is the opening of the second movement in both sonatas of which the "phraseology" is very similar (the bass, except for the transcription, being identical). Here is the G major violin Sonata:—



and here is the F major:—



A better illustration is the opening of the fourth movement where in the G major Sonata the violin follows the continuo lead and uses double stopping to introduce its vigorous opening figure which in the F major Sonata becomes to a much greater extent the property of the cembalo.

In order to find authentic examples of the "accompanied clavier sonata" we have to turn to the period after Bach's death—to the work of, say, Boccherini and J. C. Bach. In this F major Sonata, however, we have a composition in which that style is anticipated. It is not the only place in Bach where this kind of writing occurs: in the A major Suite¹ for example, it is used for practically all of the last movement.² This arrangement of the G major flute Trio may have been made for a violinist of moderate technique: if that was the case, Bach did not neglect the opportunity of introducing when he could pieces of genuine three-part counterpoint which dimly reflect the characteristic features of the great six sonatas.

¹ See my article, "Less-known Violin Works of Bach", in *The Musical Times*, February, 1947.

² But in other parts of that work, it should be said, three-part writing as fine as any to be found elsewhere is used in the earlier movements.

Joseph Haydn in our Time

BY

HANS RUTZ

ARTISTIC development—not only in its creative aspect but also in the relationship between the arts and the world at large—is dependent on the ebb and flow of civilization, of society's decay and renewal: in a word, on man's ever-changing receptivity as he consciously or unconsciously obeys, or himself formulates, the demands of the age.

This dependence—one might almost call it the law of spiritual topicality—governs music as it does the other arts. It does not always (or at any rate, not merely) create new demands, in the light of which the work of earlier generations is repudiated, or at least loses its immediate significance. The case of Bach, this year, will assuredly be put forward for discussion from this angle; the almost complete extinction of his work from the time of his death until the revival brought about by Zelter and Mendelssohn in the first half of the nineteenth century will be subject to numerous interpretations—including, surely, one that is universally valid.

Less glaring, but challenging comparison in many respects with the fifty years' eclipse of the greatest of the line of cantors at St. Thomas', Leipzig, is our relationship to Haydn. It is a deplorable fact that his entire output has virtually fallen into oblivion. Only a small proportion of his symphonies and quartets survive in our concert programmes. His masses are practically unknown. His operas—at least as worthy of revival as Schubert's, which have recently been brought to light by the Swiss Radio—are never heard of. And how many pianists even think of performing one of his sonatas—each more beautiful and original than the next? Only his oratorios live and retain their popularity.*

The fact that the Haydn Society of America (founded in Boston, Mass., early in 1949 and numbering among its members the leading Haydn scholars of all countries) has set itself the all-important task of issuing a new Collected Edition of Haydn's works, gives rise to the hope that this new edition—which, it is estimated, will run to sixty volumes—may provide a basis for a new contact with Haydn, who, owing to the breakdown of the edition begun by Breitkopf and Härtel in 1907, is the one great composer from Handel to Brahms for whom no Collected Edition exists.

This forthcoming Collected Edition assumes the utmost importance when it is borne in mind that the living influence of a composer—apart from any personal attraction or repulsion—has invariably depended on the availability

* *Translator's note:* This is an accurate picture of the situation in Austria, where the author lives and works. In England, thanks to the scholarship of Miss Marion M. Scott and the enterprise of the B.B.C. and of some of our chamber orchestras, the position with regard to the symphonies is considerably happier. Of the two great oratorios, on the other hand, only *The Creation* is regularly performed; *The Seasons* is still a rarity.

of his complete work in printed form, providing, in many cases, the first impetus to the publication of working editions for music-lovers of all kinds. In this connection another point arises. Almost all the existing Collected Editions are clearly associated with a revival of interest in the composer in question, often directly evoked by the spirit of the time; in any case, they are bound up with the emergence of a new relationship to him, which we may call the historical relationship and which inevitably comes into being when the direct personal tradition is broken or weakened, or when—as with Handel on the Continent—a complete rediscovery has to be made. (This, too, is always the outcome of some spiritual kinship between contemporary creative movements and the past.) Whatever the differences of detail between all these cases, there is no need to emphasize the fact that the youthful science of musicology—following an increasingly and unmistakeably practical course—has taken the foremost place at the loom of musical history, gathering up all the threads leading back to the past and weaving them into a Haydn tapestry for the delight and satisfaction not only of music-lovers in general but, in particular, of the publishers of those new working editions of Haydn's works, envisaged by the scholars responsible for the Collected Edition, which alone can make Haydn's influence a living fact.

But is there any inner justification, or even need, for a "rediscovery" of Haydn—for this is undoubtedly what it amounts to? Again, a backward glance at the Bach renaissance is instructive. It is true that the interest awakened in the nineteenth century brought his works once more into circulation, from which they were never wholly withdrawn. But it is also true that the development of high romanticism, in the period immediately following, dominated the picture, and that Bach's work was never a focal point in musical life, save in England and in the historical centres of the Bach cult, itself standing a little apart from the main stream of musical activity. It was through the influence of Busoni and Reger, of the growth of popular musical activity, especially among young people, about the time of the first World War, and, above all, of the regular phalanx of "neo-baroque" composers springing up at the same time, seeking an anchorage in that period of (equally inevitable) flux and experiment and finding it in Bach, that he first attained that spiritual hegemony that since then has only increased, if anything, to its present all-embracing proportions. (Practical editions of his work, based on the Complete Critical Edition, began to appear about 1900; this was the age of Bach festivals, great and small, which, together with these countless new editions, first made Bach really popular in Europe in every sense of the word.)

There is no Haydn revival that may be compared with this great Bach revival. There are, however—which will probably prove more important—symptoms in contemporary music which point in the direction of Haydn (though without such obvious parallels as that of Bach's influence on Reger); they are to be found primarily among members of the modern French school, such as Poulenc and Françaix, who quite openly hark back to the great *clavecinistes* of the eighteenth century, but also among the neo-classicists led by Stravinsky and represented, among others, by Lipatti and Wagner-Régeny

and, in England, by Lennox Berkeley. Between neo-classicism and the Haydn of the early classical period there is undoubtedly a new spiritual affinity, especially clear in relation to the early Esterházy works, which bears the same aspect as that between the *clavécinistes* and the modern French school, including Honegger. These contemporary movements give topical significance to their spiritual prototypes. And in the last resort: Couperin and Rameau, Bach, Haydn—the last-named borne on a wave of current development that has not yet broken—is there not a common factor, impossible to overlook, in their relation to our age—a relation doubly confirmed by the revival of their peculiar stylistic features and by the general interest aroused by their works? As far as Haydn is concerned, we have now, at the middle of the twentieth century, clearly arrived at the same point that we had reached in relation to Bach at the beginning of the century, and, if the signs of the times may be trusted, we are on the threshold of an era—both in creation and in performance—in which Haydn will take on a new and undreamed-of significance.

Among the first open manifestations of this is the new Haydn Collected Edition, the first volume of which (four early masses) is about to appear. The names of those concerned in its production suffice to show that it is to be one of the most important publications of recent times. Dr. Jens Peter Larsen, the eminent Danish Haydn specialist, is the editor-in-chief, and has himself undertaken the symphonies, in association with the young American musicologist H. C. Robbins Landon, who is at present directing, from the Vienna office of the Haydn Society, the work of photographing all the Haydn MSS of the period to be found in Austrian monastic libraries and will continue the same work in Southern Germany. Dr. Larsen is also editing the string trios. Others collaborating are: Friedrich Blume (Kiel)—piano concertos, a section of the string quartets; Carl Maria Brand (Aachen)—church music; Otto Erich Deutsch (Cambridge)—canons, etc.; H. H. Dräger (Berlin)—divertimenti; Karl Geiringer (Boston)—cantatas, etc.; R. Gerber (Göttingen)—the remaining concertos; B. Paumgartner (Salzburg) and E. F. Schmid (Augsburg)—the oratorios, a further section of the string quartets; Carleton Sprague Smith (New York)—works for flute; Oliver Strunk (Princeton)—piano trios; and H. Wirth (Hamburg)—operas. The Collected Edition is also being produced in close association with the firm of Breitkopf and Härtel, which has placed its own Collected Edition (begun in 1907 under the editorship of Dr. Eusebius Mandyczewski of Vienna but which, owing to unfavourable circumstances, only ran to ten volumes) and all the material in its possession, at the editor's disposal. Of the Breitkopf edition only the three volumes of piano sonatas are being taken over, with minor alterations.

How much may yet be achieved, in Haydn's case, by an energetic and comprehensive examination of the sources—even now, over seventy years after the researches put in hand by Pohl—is shown by the discovery, since the war, of the following MSS, almost all complete autographs: *Il Mondo della Luna*, *Acide e Galatea*, various string duos and piano trios (in Paris), symphonies nos. 90, 91 and 97 (in America), and no. 94, violin Concerto in A (in Austria). The systematic photographing of all contemporary Haydn

manuscripts wherever they may be found may well lead to equally startling results.

A further point of interest, and likewise symptomatic of the imminence of a new Haydn era, is the prospective publication of the first complete thematic catalogue of Haydn's works (Mandyczewski's thematic list in the Collected edition of 1907 only dealt with the symphonies). The author is the well-known Viennese scholar and collector Anthony van Hoboken, who since 1938 has been living in Switzerland and whose photostat records—now in the National Library in Vienna—will prove of the utmost assistance in the preliminary work on the new Collected Edition.

[Translated by Rosemary S. M. Hughes.]

Schönberg's String Trio (1946)

BY

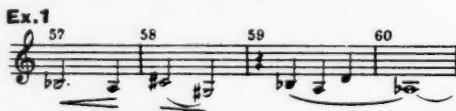
WILLIAM HYMANSON

ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG's string Trio for violin, viola and cello was completed on 23rd September, 1946. It is a work that shows the prophet of the twelve-tone technique to be still, at this late stage, a contributor and developer of that technique.

To begin with, let us look at the work as a whole. It is in one continuous movement, played without pause. The opening section has no descriptive *tempo* indication other than the metronomic formula $\text{♩} = 60$. In fact, all new *tempi* (and there are many) are similarly marked with this mathematically precise notation.

Here we might add, as an aside, that this apparent desire of Schönberg to avoid misunderstandings is again even more clearly seen in his handling of harmonics. The notation of harmonics on the string instruments is often a source of error and confusion, and to avoid this, Schönberg faithfully uses the simple expedient of parenthesizing the actual tone to be sounded. It is my opinion, however, that Schönberg must have done this also with the idea of allowing the performer some leeway in performance, since many of the harmonics, as he has written them, are either impossible of execution or so difficult as to be entirely impracticable.

Continuing our preliminary and very general bird's-eye view, we find that after some fifty-two measures a heading of "1st Episode" appears, announcing a new section. Musically, there is a quieting down and some slight pauses that prepare for the theme in the violin (Ex. 1).*



This theme and elements from it appear throughout the section, and thus is added a new sequence or set of tones, alongside and in addition to the row as a unifying factor. We shall see later how these two are made to function together simultaneously yet without interference.

After a rather lengthy but interesting development, we come at measure 180 to the heading "2nd Episode", which again, after a general quieting-down, announces the new theme in the violin (Ex. 2). This too, for the ensuing



section, serves the same purpose as did the earlier-mentioned theme for the preceding section.

* The music examples are reprinted by kind permission of Bomart Music Publications, Long Island City, N.Y., U.S.A.

Finally, at measure 208 occurs what we may call a recapitulation. The entire first section from measure 1 is summarized, with entire sequences of measures exactly, or very nearly repeated. Then follows an exact re-statement of the opening of the first episode; some more repetitions and reminiscences; some new treatments of earlier sections (mainly through inversions); and lastly an intricate maze of development, through which after diligent hunting we occasionally discern the theme of the second episode.

Thus, from an over-all, general point of view, the form of the composition very closely resembles the classical sonata-allegro form.

No discussion of this Trio would be complete without some remarks about the special effects that Schönberg seems to be striving to achieve in it. One of the first impressions to be gained from a perusal of the score is the profusion of harmonics, both single and double. These, as mentioned already, present formidable obstacles to the performer, but they are made even more treacherous by a *col legno* treatment demanded by the score. When Schönberg asks for harmonics that are played *ponticello* and *col legno* (as in measures 67 to 70), the problem of producing intelligible sounds becomes acute—especially in view of the fact that *ponticello*, according to the directions given in the score, is to be played “on” the bridge, not merely “near” it! Drawing the bow so that the hair is “on” the bridge produces no musical sound whatsoever, and furthermore, the noise that is produced would be practically inaudible a short distance away. How much more so if the wood of the bow is required to replace the hair! The directions degenerate into the ridiculous when such a *ponticello* is required of the instruments while using mutes (measures 157, 158, 170, etc.). Obviously, Schönberg must have had in mind that “airy”, indistinct quality of tone that comes from playing close to the bridge; but in his desire to accentuate that quality he fell on an unhappy choice of directions. Could it be that he was the victim of faulty advice?

For the merits of this work (and, to be sure, there are many) we must disregard these features, which, after all, relate only to problems of performance.

Turning to the actual technique of composition, let us first of all examine the row. Of course, one must be aware of the fact that if a composer, from the very beginning of a composition, plays with inversions, retrogrades and more complicated devices, hardly ever stating them in regular sequence and hardly ever repeating himself, the analyst will be confronted with a multiplicity of choices in trying to decide which is *the* row. It makes little difference, however, as to what the choice is, just so long as the correct sequences of tones are found. The terms “original”, “retrograde”, and “inversion” will simply change places as different choices are made, while the sequences of tones will remain the same. With this thought in mind, I have chosen the sequence

D B \flat E \flat A E C \sharp B G \sharp F \sharp G F C,

which makes its appearance at the beginning of measure 5 (see Ex. 3); although the very first linear expression of the row is the viola line in the last half of the same measure:

A E D E \flat D \flat B \flat A \flat F C F \sharp B G,

which I therefore call a retrograde of the original transposed down a minor third.



Before we can begin a proper discussion of the interesting properties of this row and Schönberg's clever handling of it, it is necessary to give here a complete table of all its transpositions and inversions, and also to determine a short symbolism for quick reference to each form.

The table follows:

Read left to right						A (Original)						Read right to left					
→ for O												← for R O					
D	B \flat	E \flat	A	E	C \sharp	B	G \sharp	F \sharp	G	F	C	F	C				
E \flat	B	E	B \flat	F	D	C	A	G	G \sharp	F \sharp	C \sharp	F \sharp	C \sharp				
E	C	F	B	F \sharp	D \sharp	C \sharp	A \sharp	G \sharp	A	G	D	G	D				
F	D \flat	G \flat	C	G	E	D	B	A	B \flat	A \flat	E \flat	A \flat	E \flat				
F \sharp	D	G	D \flat	A \flat	F	E \flat	C	B \flat	B \flat	A	E	A	E				
G	E \flat	A \flat	D	A	F \sharp	E	C \sharp	B	C	B \flat	F	B \flat	F				
G \sharp	E	A	E \flat	B \flat	G	F	D	C	C \sharp	B	F \sharp	C \sharp	B				
A	F	B \flat	E	B	G \sharp	F \sharp	D \sharp	C \sharp	D	C	G	D	C				
B \flat	G \flat	C \flat	F	C	A	G	E	D	D \sharp	C \sharp	G \sharp	D \sharp	C \sharp				
B	G	C	G \flat	D \flat	B \flat	A \flat	F	E \flat	E	D	A	E	D				
C	A \flat	D \flat	G	D	B	A	F \sharp	E	F	E \flat	B \flat	F	E \flat				
C \sharp	A	D	A \flat	E \flat	C	B \flat	G	F	F \sharp	E	B	F \sharp	E				

Read left to right						B (Inversion)						Read right to left					
→ for I												← for R I					
D	F \sharp	C \sharp	G	C	E \flat	F	A \flat	B \flat	A	B	E	B	E				
E \flat	G	D	G \sharp	C \sharp	E	F \sharp	A	B	B \flat	C	F	C	F				
E	A \flat	E \flat	A	D	F	G	B \flat	C	B	C \sharp	F \sharp	C \sharp	F \sharp				
F	A	E	A \sharp	D \sharp	F \sharp	G \sharp	B	C \sharp	C	D	G	D	G				
G \flat	B \flat	F	B	E	G	A	C	D	D \flat	E \flat	A \flat	E \flat	A \flat				
G	B	F \sharp	C	F	A \flat	B \flat	D \flat	E \flat	D	E	A	D	E				
A \flat	C	G	C \sharp	F \sharp	A	B	D	E	E \flat	F	B \flat	F	B \flat				
A	C \sharp	G \sharp	D	G	B \flat	C	E \flat	F	E	F \sharp	B	E	F \sharp				
B \flat	D	A	E \flat	A \flat	B	C \sharp	E	F \sharp	F	G	C	F	G				
B	D \sharp	A \sharp	E	A	C	D	F	G	G \flat	A \flat	D \flat	A \flat	D \flat				
C	E	B	F	B \flat	D \flat	E \flat	G \flat	A \flat	G	A	D	A	D				
D \flat	F	C	F \sharp	B	D	E	G	A	A \flat	B \flat	E \flat	A \flat	E \flat				

Table A, read left to right, lists all twelve transpositions of the original row, while reading from right to left gives the retrogrades of the original. Table B, from left to right, contains the inversions, while from right to left we can read off the retrograde inversions. The symbols we shall use are:

O = original,
I = inversion,

RO = retrograde of the original,
RI = retrograde of the inversion.

A letter in parenthesis accompanying each symbol indicates the tone on which the particular form begins. Thus, for example, O (C#) refers to the sequence of tones in Table A, read from left to right and starting on C#; RI (F#) refers to the sequence of Table B, read from right to left and starting on F#.

Returning now to the discussion of the row, let us first note the following remarkable characteristic of these twenty-four series listed in the tables. By drawing a line dividing each series into two groups of six tones each, we make the discovery that throughout the entire list, any group of six tones from one table appears in some other group of six tones from the other table (but in a different order); and in addition, the remaining six tones of this second series are the inversion of the first group of the first series. For example, the first six tones of O (A)—A F B \flat E B G#—also occur in the last six tones of I (D), but in the order F A \flat B \flat A B E; and in addition, the remaining six tones of I (D)—D F# C# G C E \flat —are the inversion of the first six of O (A). Similarly, the same relations may be found for any other group of six tones.

From this feature is almost automatically suggested the device of using two such groups of six tones each, that together complete the twelve tones while each is the inversion of the other. Schönberg does this very thing many times, as the following examples clearly show:

Ex. 4

O (D)

I (G)

Ex. 5

Violin

Cello

O (B \flat)

I (E \flat)

Ex. 6

I (F)

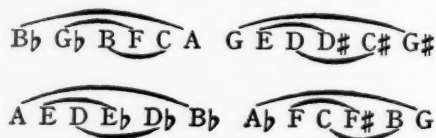
O (C)

In Ex. 4, comprising measures 41 and 42, the violin line—D B \flat E \flat A E C \sharp —presents the first six tones of O (D), while the cello line in the next measure—G B F \sharp C F A \flat —gives us the first six tones of I (G). Both lines together give us all the twelve tones; but in addition, the cello line is an inversion of the violin line.

In Ex. 5, the violin's tones are B \flat G \flat B F C A, which are the first six tones of O (B \flat); the cello line is E \flat G D A \flat C \sharp E, which are the first six tones of I (E \flat). Again, both together give us all twelve tones, and again, one six-tone series is the inversion of the other.

In Ex. 6, the tones F A E B \flat E \flat G \flat are the first six of I (F), and the continuing six-tone series C A \flat D \flat G D B are the first six of O (C). All twelve tones are completed through the two series, and one is an inversion of the other.

Another remarkable feature of this row is the consistent intervallic relationship in each six-tone group. For example, let us write out O (B \flat) and RI (A), and draw a connecting arc between pairs of semitones within each group of six tones, thus:



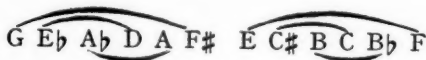
Note the perfect symmetry of distribution of the pairs of semitone intervals regardless of which half of the row we choose, and regardless of whether the row is in original, inversion, or retrograde. Naturally, if this is true for any one line of list A and any one line of list B, it is true for the entire table.

Certainly, this inner importance of the semitone interval was uppermost in the mind of Schönberg as he began the Trio as well as throughout the entire composition. Let us look at the opening measure:



Example 7 shows measure 1 using all twelve tones, treated as pairs of semitone intervals. Of course, for our purposes, we also give the name of "semitone interval" to such inversions as major 7ths, minor 9ths, major 14ths, etc. To an even better-than-casual glance, it would at first be difficult to see the connection between measure 1 and the tone-row without having first made our above observations. But now, let us write out the pairs of semitones as

they occur in measure 1: G F \sharp , A G \sharp , D E \flat , C D \flat , A \sharp B, E F, and compare these to the pairs of semitones in O (G):



It is at once apparent that these pairs are exactly the same.

In this respect, let us also look at the violin line from measure 12 to measure 17:

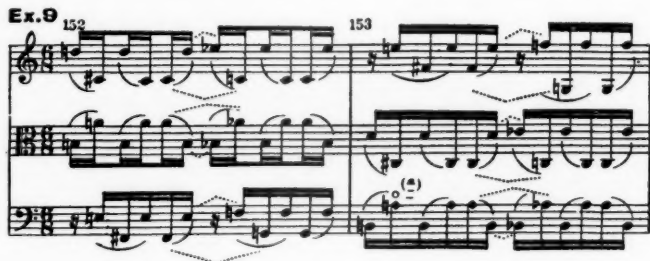


Here we see a linear expression of the pairs of semitone intervals. Again, writing out the pairs:

D C \sharp , B C, E D \sharp , F \sharp F, A B \flat , A \flat G,

we find that these are exactly the pairs expressed by arcs about the row O (B \flat) (see page 188).

For a slightly different manner of handling this semitone device, see Ex. 9, in which are shown measures 152 and 153:



Looking first at the violin line in measure 152, we see that the D and C \sharp of the first half of the measure proceed to the E \flat and C of the last half. That is, D progresses to E \flat and C \sharp to C. Taking these progressions as pairs, and similarly analysing the viola and cello voices, we compile the following pairs of semitones:

—D E \flat , C \sharp C \flat , A A \flat , B B \flat , E F, F \sharp G—

which are the same as the pairs pointed out above in O (G) (see above). Measure 153 is merely a repetition of 152, with an interchange of tones amongst the instruments.

For additional examples, I refer the reader to the score, where numerous usages of the idea are prevalent. In particular, see measures 26 to 30, 145, 222 to 227 (the violin line), 267 to 275 (the violin line).

So far, we have noted Schönberg's use of the following two devices:

- (1) The chordal as well as the melodic emphasis of that intervallic relationship inherent within the row, in this case the minor second;
- (2) The subdivision of the twelve tones of the row into two groups of six tones each, and the manipulation of such groups as units.

I will now elaborate further on the second device.

One of the first things that strikes the analyser is that Schönberg always seems to be striving to complete the twelve tones within smaller units that may be part of a larger plan or unit. Nearly always in this Trio, the musical unit within which is contained all twelve tones can be subdivided into still smaller units containing six tones derived from the aforementioned halved row. Let us look again at measures 41 and 42 (see Ex. 4). As pointed out earlier, the main melodic line extends from the violin in measure 41 to the cello in measure 42, thus completing the twelve tones, the cello line at the same time being an inversion of the violin line. But now note that the cello and viola tones of measure 41 are G B F# C F A♭, the same tones as the cello plays in the next measure. In this way, measure 41 contains within itself all the twelve tones, and may be thought of as being made up of the two smaller units: the six tones of the violin line, and the six tones of the cello and viola voices. The same is true of measure 42, where the violin and viola now play D B♭ E♭ A E C#, the identical six tones played by the violin in measure 41. These two measures, then, show a larger plan which encompasses both measures, that plan being the violin line followed by the cello line to complete the twelve tones; and simultaneously with this larger plan is the lesser plan of completing the twelve tones separately in each measure.

Probably one of the best examples of such technique is the section from measure 12 to measure 17, the violin line of which we have already discussed (see Ex. 8). Example 10 shows the complete first two measures of this section, which, for our purposes, are sufficient to demonstrate the point.



In measure 12, while the violin has only played two tones of its projected twelve-tone journey (pointed out before), the viola and cello supply four additional tones which thus round out the entire measure into a unit of six tones derived from the row. These six tones are D B♭ E♭ A E C#, the first half of O (D). Measure 13 gives us also a similar unit of the six tones B G# F# G F C comprising the second half of O (D). In this way, the entire row O (D)

is covered through the two measures, one-half of the row for each measure, all going on while the violin pursues the master plan of completing all twelve tones in its own line via the semitone device mentioned before.

We may now look at measures 57 and 58, in which the theme of the first episode is announced:



Again, all twelve tones are used for the two measures. Again, each measure contains exactly six tones of the row—in measure 57 the tones are B \flat G \flat C \flat F C A, the first half of O (B \flat), and in measure 58 we have the tones G E D E \flat C \sharp G \sharp , the last half of O (B \flat). Through this means, Schönberg is able to present and develop a new unifying theme or motif according to more or less traditional treatment, and yet maintain the whole within the bounds of his twelve-tone row. It would be well to examine at least one more section to appreciate this point. A little farther on, measures 78, 79, and 80 afford us this opportunity (see Ex. 12).



In these measures, the developing of the motive of the first episode is quite clear. Starting in measure 78, the viola line is the inversion of the motive, and as the line continues on to measure 80, it there contains it in general outline. In the meantime, the cello enters at measure 79 with the rather forceful expression of the motive. Looking at the violin line, we again see the germ of the motive from the very beginning of the line (A \flat G C \sharp) as well as from the B \flat A at the end of measure 79 going up to the C \sharp and down to the G \sharp .

Surely such development of a motive is in the style of purely traditional techniques. But notice the twelve-tone relationships that bind the three voices inextricably together. From the beginning of measure 78 up to and including the G \flat and B \flat of the violin in measure 79, all twelve tones have been used. From this point on to the end of measure 80 (we must include the held over F of the viola) the twelve tones unfold anew. Notice that any repetitions

of a tone or a pair of tones occur either consecutively within a line, or very nearly simultaneously with another voice. For example, the B \flat A C \sharp G \sharp of the cello is outlined in the violin simultaneously.

The foregoing shows again how Schönberg interweaves a plan within a plan. The larger plan, as we have seen, may be based on a twelve-tone device or it may be based on some motivic development; but within that larger plan are the smaller units which are held together by either the twelve tones or by only six tones derived from a half-row.

Let us proceed, finally, to an even more delicate function that Schönberg gives to the six tones of the half-row. To begin with, upon examining this Trio, one is constantly confronted with the problem that the successions of tones bear no resemblance, in many instances, to either the motives or to any part of the row. This seems to be the case in some very conspicuous places. For example, in measure 243 (see Ex. 13), the succession of tones employed is



D C \sharp E G E \flat G \sharp , not to be found anywhere in the row in that order. However, these six tones do occur, in different order, in the first half of both I (E \flat) and RO (G \sharp).

A particularly good example is the cello line from measure 188 to measure 190 (see Ex. 14). We need not concern ourselves with the viola and violin lines, since these are in exact unison canon, each entrance coming one eighth-note later.



The first group of six tones is G \flat F C \flat B \flat E G. These tones occur only in the first half of I (G \flat) and in the first half of RO (B), but in neither case in this order. The second group of six tones (which incidentally complete the twelve tones with the first group) occur only in the first half of O (C \sharp) and in the first half of RI (A \flat), but in different order in each case. The third group of six tones is made up of the same tones as the first group but in a new order which still does not resemble the order of the row. The fourth group of six tones is a similarly changed order of the tones of the second group. And so on, with new groups of six tones.

What conclusion can be drawn from these and the numerous other examples to be found throughout the work? It seems logical to explain the technique as follows:

Any group of six tones, taken from one of the half-rows, constitutes a unifying set of tones, regardless of the order. A measure or part of one, or a melodic line, can justify its connection to the row by simply using the six tones of such a group, in any permutation or arrangement whatsoever.

With this explanation, the entire composition seems to swing into a bolder perspective. It is the answer to some objections raised by R. S. Hill in his article in *The Musical Quarterly*,* for now those tortuous dotted lines which he drew in that article to show the order (or lack of order) of the twelve tones are no longer proper grounds for complaint. By the simple expedient of dividing the row in half, two separate and distinct groups of six tones each are derived, and by permutations of the tones each group can be treated as a "mode" rather than as a succession of tones. In other words, in completing the twelve tones, two modes are used, either vertically or horizontally.

This explains measure 172, for instance (see Ex. 15).



The cello line $E\flat F A G\sharp E D$ is a horizontal permutation of the first six tones of I (E), while the tones played by the violin and viola make up the remaining six tones. It makes no difference what the order of the six tones may be, just so long as they all belong to one of the half-rows.

Similarly, such measures as 271 and 272 (see Ex. 16) are explained. Measure 271 contains the first six tones of RI (A) in almost the order of the row,



but not quite. The "almost" and the "not quite" are not important, however, in view of our new approach. The same is true of measure 272, in which the tones of the last half of RI (A) appear.

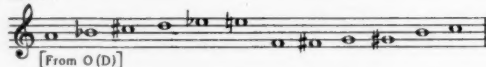
It is true that such loose manipulation of a half-row does not answer or fulfil the requirements of the "functional mode" suggested in the Hill article.

* R. S. Hill, "Schoenberg's Tone-rows and the Tonal System of the Future", *The Musical Quarterly*, xxii (Jan., 1936), pp. 14-37.

But then, in trying to find functions of the various tones of our present day modes we so often find an almost complete breakdown of systematization. Taking for example one of the simplest functions, that of the leading tone, we listen to melodies in which any tone of the gamut is employed in that capacity on its way to the tonic. The later trends of composers have shown studied avoidance of stereotyped functions for each tone. There is also the fact that without examining the final tone of a melody written in a church mode, that mode is difficult and sometimes even impossible to determine. We may say that the body of such a melody is to a large extent simply a permutation of a given set of tones according to the tastes and skills of the composer.

Following such a line of thought, it is not too difficult to accept Schönberg's half-row as representing a mode. This is especially true of the half-rows of his string Trio. For, if we arrange the tones of any one of the half-rows in a scale-wise manner, we discover a chromatic scale bounded by a perfect fifth but with two successive tones missing (see Ex. 17).

Ex. 17



The two missing tones are the third and fourth chromatic steps, counting from either the bottom or the top of the scale depending upon which half of the row is chosen. Note how the open interval of an augmented second lends character and definition to an otherwise bare chromatic scale.

Surely Schönberg's treatment of his half-rows does not coincide with traditional modal devices. He also is still bound by the rule of completing all twelve tones, whether vertically, or horizontally, or both combined. But, as shown in this analysis, the completion of the twelve tones is usually done through the clearly defined statement of two units of a half-row each (with changed order of tones). This, in the greater part of the composition, is the only link between the passage and the row. It is a device that lends greater freedom to the twelve-tone technique, since the composer may indulge himself in any combinations of the six tones, not even being restricted by the former prohibition against repetition of tones. As to repetitions, however, Schönberg still does not stray too far, in that his repeated tones are fairly close together in either one or more voices.

All in all, the string Trio is a highly interesting and extremely provocative work. It will reward any student's perusal.

Referring to Schopenhauer

BY

VICTOR BENNETT

MANY people have too little knowledge of the stimulating and, in moderation, healthful experience of hunger. To this a parallel statement may be made. Many music-lovers have too little knowledge of the stimulating and, in moderation, healthful experience of doing without music for a while. The facilities of our age, which make accessible unlimited quantities of what is at least comparable to the real thing, hardly encourage self-denial in this direction. It was, however, towards the end of a prolonged fast of the kind that I had an intuition that profoundly stirred my thoughts about music. Circumstances had removed from me all sound of radio, gramophone, piano, *etc.*, for a period that had grown painfully long. Then I had an opportunity of attending a modest musical occasion at which some classical chamber music was to be given. In my pinched condition I sought no other fare. When the day came I found myself to be in a state of quite passionate longing for the programme I was to hear, and from a chronic habit of trying to analyse my feelings, I proposed to myself a question. What was it about listening to music that so fascinated me in prospect? Now the response that came back gave me a shock. The greatest thing in musical experience, it seemed, was its mystery. To feel that mystery was its whole delight. I was not going to understand the pieces to which I would listen. That was not necessary. I was to steep myself in their mysterious essence and be satisfied.

It is hard to make one's private revelations seem important to others, and this confession may well appear to be indecently obvious or to amount to nothing. Yet the odd thing was that this latest evocation of my experience seemed at first to cancel out some definite ideas of music I had held for many years. I had believed that music, in common with the other arts, represented ideas to the human mind. Of course, I had made all the usual concessions about the abstractness, the imprecision of these ideas, the fickle relationship of music to language, and so on, but continued to hold that the representation of certain ideas of drama, passion and movement was fundamental to musical expression. It is true that some of my friends assured me that they never had a thought while listening to music and that their activity consisted in enjoying waves of undiluted emotion; but I did not believe that emotion and mental images could be easily divorced and I dismissed my friends' evidence on the ground that they were too inexperienced in self-analysis and tended to miss a meaning where that meaning was not confined in propositions or pictures. Yet here was I, in the abnormally clear vision of my musical famine, telling myself not only that music was all a mystery but that the mystery was its superb attraction. However, there was not involved in my intuition the idea that heretofore I had been mistaken about the nature of music. Rather I now sought a synthesis between my old view and my new view. Teased

with this problem I returned to one who in any case demands a second reading from anybody interested in the metaphysics of music. I returned to Schopenhauer.

No other philosopher has dealt with music so generously or in such a lapidary style. The observations on music alone render *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* something memorable. In this book Schopenhauer interprets the universe as a duality under the headings of Idea and Will. We can analyse the phenomenal world into general ideas, and these ideas with their relationships seem to constitute a complete order of things. There is, however, another way of looking at the world. On this view the world is only incidentally intellectual in its nature. It is primarily the immediate result of a gesture by the Will, the name he gives to the motive power immanent in the world. If the Will is not exactly to be identified with the mysterious thing-in-itself, it is the unknown quantity behind all phenomena which gave rise to Kant's famous conception. Granted that the Idea and the Will are the two aspects of the world we know, Schopenhauer next insists that the Will is the deeper reality. The Ideas are only "the objectification of the Will". The Will transcends them and constitutes the ultimate reality, which is also the ultimate mystery. The Will indeed is the unknowable thing.

Within this philosophical framework Schopenhauer gives to music a place of singular importance. The other arts, he says, express the Ideas that lurk behind the world of phenomena. Music, on the other hand, does not express these, but expresses the Will itself in its yearning, creative action, and is thereby the most powerful of the arts. It chooses to consort not with intelligible images, even of the most sublime kind, but with the ultimate mysterious power by which the world is urged on.

"Only the passions, the movements of the Will exist for it, and, like God, it sees only the hearts."

The ages-old association of music with words and images presents no difficulty.

"The words are, and remain for the musician, a foreign addition of subordinate value, for the effect of the tones is incomparably more powerful, more infallible and quicker than that of the words. . . . For the art of music shows in these its power and higher fitness, disclosing the most profound ultimate and secret significance of the feeling expressed in the words or the action presented in the opera, giving utterance to their peculiar and true nature and teaching us the inmost soul of the action and events, whose mere clothing and body is set before us on the stage."

Language and action, he explains, are nevertheless useful for providing the occasions and the motives that give rise to the exercise of feeling and will-power but the latter can be adequately expressed by means of music alone. Referring to a Beethoven symphony, he writes that here:

"All human passions and emotions find utterance; joy, sorrow, love, terror, hope, etc., in innumerable degrees, yet all, as it were, only *in abstracto*, and without any particularization; it is their mere form, without the substance, like a spirit world without matter."

Not in vain Schopenhauer considers the psychological importance of consonance and dissonance as factors of music.

"The connection of the metaphysical significance of music with its physical and arithmetical basis depends upon the fact that what resists our *apprehension*, the irrational relation or the dissonance, becomes the natural type of what resists our *will*; and conversely the consonance or the rational relation, which easily adapts itself to our apprehension, becomes the type of satisfaction of the will . . . music becomes the material in which all the movements of the human heart, *i.e.* the will, movements whose essential nature is always satisfaction and dissatisfaction, although in innumerable degrees, can be faithfully portrayed and rendered in all the finest shades and modifications, which take place by means of the invention of the melody."

The beauty of this artistic device lies in the security of the listener. While he is able to regard through music all the emergencies of living, he is not in the predicament of having to face them as realities. The satisfaction or dissatisfaction of the Will is presented to him as a picture.

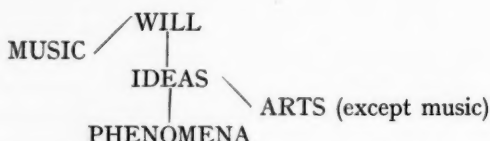
"Only thus does music never cause us actual sorrow, but even in its most melancholy strains is still pleasing, and we gladly hear in its language the secret history of our will, and all its emotions and strivings, with their manifold protraction, hindrances and griefs; even in the saddest melodies. When, on the other hand, in reality and its terrors it is our *will* itself that is roused and tormented, we have not then to do with tones and their numerical relations, but are rather now ourselves the trembling string that is stretched and twanged."

Noting that the major and minor keys correspond to the two fundamental attitudes of mind, the sanguine and the melancholic, Schopenhauer concludes:

"Thus in general music consists of a constant succession of more or less disquieting chords, *i.e.* chords which excite longing, and more or less quieting and satisfying chords; just as the life of the heart (the will) is a constant succession of greater or lesser disquietude through desire and aversion, and just as various degrees of relief. A succession of merely consonant chords would be wearisome and empty, like the languor produced by the satisfaction of all wishes. Therefore dissonances must be introduced, although they disquiet us and affect us almost painfully, but only in order to be resolved again in consonances with proper preparation."

Schopenhauer is a Platonist in so far as he not only believes in the reality of general ideas but also that the world of phenomena is subject to them. He goes behind Plato, however, in holding that Will is the paramount reality and that the Ideas are created only as an incident in its passage to fulfilment. Intellectualism is not its typical characteristic. The limitless ingenuity which goes to the making of the world is due to an instinctive force of realization rather than to a capacity for planning. The Ideas, however, are of deep interest to humanity. Only in the contemplation of the Idea, through the agency of the arts, are men enabled to escape for a little while from the stress of the phenomenal world in which they are always impelled by desire, attaining one end only to conceive another, and tormented in each transit by hope or bafflement. In the artistic contemplation of the Ideas, wherein detachment takes the place of striving, we take our brief comfort and "keep the Sabbath of the penal servitude of willing". Art, of course, is constrained to use images from the phenomenal world but only in order to pierce through them to the Ideas.

In considering music as an art, however, Schopenhauer draws a bold distinction. He maintains that music is exceptional in that it does not mirror the Ideas, but plunging deeper expresses the unfathomable Will itself in action. Since all the arts present to the mind some copy of what is in the world, music too must be a copy, but it is the copy of the Will and not of the Idea. It is the copy of that which from its nature can never be represented as an idea. Because of this deep affinity between music and the indefinable creative force, Schopenhauer goes so far as to say, "We might as well call the world embodied music as embodied will". Without, however, following this final flight into the metaphysics of music, we may attempt to summarise verbally and diagrammatically what Schopenhauer's theory amounts to.



The Will, as it realizes itself in the world, gives rise to the Ideas, which in turn give rise to the phenomena. It is the business of Art to provide an undisturbed enjoyment of the Ideas. Only music is the exception, for it expresses the non-idea of the Will.

Was this a signpost to the mystery which I had unexpectedly divined to be the matter of my musical enjoyment? Did the elucidations of Schopenhauer rationalize the unaffected witness of my famished musical appetite? After all, I was not so sure. This was my second, not my first, consideration of this philosophical theory, and I perceived at once that although Schopenhauer's musical philosophy is closely knit with his general philosophy, he is most convincing about music when his observations can be separated from his book as a whole.

Thus his observations on the subordination of language and action to the broad significance of music, his thesis that music expresses by imitation the movements, in their rise and decline, of human volitions, his contention that dissonances and consonances feature respectively the forces that resist and favour the power of will, and his note that passion when expressed in music, is necessarily abstracted from its phenomenal context, must recommend themselves to the musical experience of many. The secret of the way music comes home to the memory and imagination of the listener, yet with a veil of mystery, must be that it captures and isolates the inmost conversation of the human passions. So much, however, might have been said within the limits of an essay less comprehensive than *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*. When dealing specifically with music Schopenhauer relates it simply to the actions of the human will, but elsewhere he treats of Will as a single force which includes but transcends human consciousness. The will in this sense is the force which creates the world. Every creature in its urge towards self-realization embodies

a portion of this world-will, and human beings are particularly potent as its localized agents. Mainly, however, this Will is something ulterior to the world and to humanity. Since, however, Schopenhauer dwells only upon the human will in connection with music, we incur no obligation, in accepting his observations, to endorse the validity of the deeper sense he attaches to the Will. In spite of the connection our philosopher himself perceives between the two, we may bite off from his general theory what we need to clarify the function of music.

This is as well, because it is difficult to divorce Will and Idea so completely as Schopenhauer requires and still more difficult to think of Will as something prior to and causing the Ideas. All our experience is of intellect and will-power working together, and if their harmony in the world is not always as perfect as could be desired, at least we can hardly conceive them as existing in naked isolation. It is even harder to think of the Ideas as something subsequent to and derived from the Will. If there could be any priority between them it would seem to be the other way round, for in our minds the Will figures as one among the Ideas and it is not more unknowable than any other mental concept. If we can reduce the Will to an idea, how can it be the great non-idea to which Schopenhauer opposes the things of the intellect? Were the Will so clearly divorced from the Idea as he supposes, it would be not merely unknowable but inconceivable, and had we to defend the thesis that music represents something which is non-idea, we should soon realize that we were using the word "represents" in no intelligible sense.

It is therefore possible and expedient to ignore the special sense which Schopenhauer gives to the Will, and limit the application of his theory of music to the human will alone, which is virtually what he does himself. At this point one is brought up against his poverty of thought in the department of psychology. He uses terms such as "the heart", "feelings", "passions" and "will" indiscriminately, and although he may have felt satisfied in equating such expressions, such a procedure should not take place without some defence. The word "passions", for instance, originally meant something that is endured passively by the human spirit and is therefore almost the opposite of what we mean by an action of the will. Between the self-directed actions of man and the emotions that circumstances make inevitable for him there is a territory of differences and relationships that might well have been explored by one who believed that music provides a mirror of man's inward movements.

Generally speaking, however, Schopenhauer impresses us with the depth of his understanding of the relationship of music to human psychology. It is impossible to read his chapters on music without being illuminated and also elevated. It may be said that he has made the most striking contribution to the metaphysics of music since Pythagoras discovered the basis that music has in number. Mildly correcting the more extravagant theories arising out of that discovery, he writes:

"Music is a means of making rational and irrational relations of numbers comprehensible, not like arithmetic by the help of the concept but by bringing them to a knowledge which is perfectly, directly and simultaneously sensible."

The finer points of arithmetic do not really matter in music. What matters is the recognition of a likeness to personal experience, a correspondence between sound and inward life, expressing

"not this or that particular joy, this or that sorrow or pain or horror, or merriment or peace, but joy, sorrow, pain, horror, delight, merriment or peace themselves, without accessories and without their motives. Yet we completely understand them in this extracted quintessence".

Well, perhaps not completely. To Schopenhauer himself the Will portrayed in music was a mystery, and although in referring to him I had found his account of that mystery not at all convincing, I had come to acknowledge that a balanced view of music must perceive in it elements of mystery as well as of symbolism. Without the symbolism, the frequent striking home to the memory and imagination, music would be an unimportant entertainment, but musical ideas, because of their abstraction from normal contexts, because they so often evade in our minds the image that would give them a familiar association, because their very identities often defy our scrutiny, come too with a veil of mystery about them. That mystery excites our wonder; and wonder is the beginning of philosophy and its recapture the essence of art.

What's the Use of Critics?*

BY

A. V. COTON

To be the inaugural speaker in a series of talks in which critics discuss the mysteries of criticism is an honour which I wear very uneasily. For a comparatively junior member of The Circle to submit notes on the basic usefulness of the critical function, may seem to be an instance illustrating the old saw about "teaching to suck eggs". And from a different viewpoint it might be looked upon as the wielding of a newish broom which raises clouds of dust that could, with better aesthetic effect, be left shrouding certain aspects of the craft we share.

May I cut down those rather fragile bridges I have but this moment erected as lines of escape, by saying that I see nothing in the bearing or manner of any of you gathered here to indicate that I can offer any tuition? and let me demolish my alternative escape-route by asking what I hope is a purely rhetorical question: and that is—If the critic may not criticize criticism, who else on earth is so qualified?

As to the question: What's the use of critics? we here all know that the difficulties and frustrations, and the very slender rewards we gain by our work, are things which would simply not be tolerable unless we were continuously sustained by our certain knowledge that the function of criticism is an absolutely necessary one to the organization of the arts, particularly in the world as we find it to-day. How much the public interested in the arts knows of our feeling about our work is a thing none of us knows for certain; but there is enough reaction of one sort and another to convince even the most hardened sceptic amongst us, that—whatever black words are said, whatever black looks given when we are recognized in public places—we have a place in the world of art as surely as the artist, the manager and the impresario.

We could, I suppose, spend a great deal of time in possibly usefully disputing our several definitions of those two key words—"art", and "critic". I don't propose to use the services of those particular red herrings in helping me to negotiate the next few minutes of our time together. I take it that each of us has had what we may call "a good working definition" of both the word "critic" and the word "art" in the forefront of his mind ever since the very first day he *didn't* receive a rejection-slip. These "working definitions" are all very well for most of the time; but occasionally we find it necessary to take a closer look at them. I propose now to bring out one or two of my pet hobby-horses and give them a little exercise: you can crack your whips at them, or try to round them up and corral them—I shan't mind.

I know that most of us here would agree about the great differences which exist between the two classifications of artists—the *creative* and the *interpretative* artist; and for a long time now I have been a member of that small camp—it is a noisy and very exciting camp to dwell in—of those who believe the

* A paper read before the Music Section of The Critics' Circle on 22nd February, 1950.

interpretative artist to be a very small creature in comparison with the creative artist. A good deal of our strong feeling about this matter rises from the irritation caused by that indiscriminate adulation which makes up the atmosphere that the interpretative artist continuously breathes. We are revolted by the many stupidities (the gossip about their private lives, the interest that is based on knowing what they eat, what kinds of friends they have, the colour of their underwear, and such idiocies) which don't do any real good to the interpretative artist and which do positively lead to a gradual blotting out of all artistic values in any discussion of their lives and their work. The building up of these people—generally by that very unnecessary type, "the gossip writer"—is always at the expense of the works of art it should be their privilege—and let me emphasize that word *privilege*—to communicate to an audience. We all know that the question isn't one we can easily dispose of; this matter of the consumers or customers having an interest in how their darlings behave when they are not before the public eye is tied up with some very deep-rooted need that nearly all of us feel. It is the need to project ourselves into the person of the principal performer: it goes back to the days of the first interpretative artists, when the form of all art was a primitive religious ceremonial, and the priest or medicine-man was the direct link with those hidden and mysterious forces we call "gods". Everyone in the crowd then wanted passionately to be the key-man who had direct access (as it seemed to all of them there) with the dark unseen powers who moved the winds and the waves and the sun in the sky.

Now, to get back to this comparison between two classes of artists: I know that this analogy I'm going to propose isn't a very exact one, but I think we'll all understand it. I draw the analogy that, as we can divide artists into two groups, creative and interpretative, so we can classify critics into the same two categories.

The first, or creative critic is the kind whose judgment is based very firmly on a breadth of understanding about *everything* connected with the form of art he criticizes; his judgment is not based only on that single occasion he is at the moment reviewing. This breadth of understanding depends not only on his having a wide and deep knowledge of the technical and executive processes of the art. It depends just as much on his awareness of the relationship of that form of art to the whole culture which makes the art possible: and also on his sense of the process of historical development which has led that particular art into the forms it shows itself in to-day. You will all easily recall from your wide acquaintance with the great critics of both Past and Present in your own field, that each of them shows clearly in his work this sense of what I can perhaps briefly define as "the historical continuity of art". It shines out of the work of those whom we would all agree in defining as "great critics": I think, for instance, of such a representative half-dozen as C. E. Montague and Bernard Shaw—in his golden youth—, of Levinson and John Martin in the field of Theatre Dance, of L. C. Knights, Dr. Bowra and Edmund Wilson amongst to-day's literary critics. In their work our interest is seized—and held—by the revelation of their sense of the vastness of each form of art, its

multiplicity of facets. The best criticism shows us this awareness of the almost unimaginable magnitude of each of the major forms of art produced out of our civilization; and also an awareness—parallel with the first one—of our human inability ever to master all the knowledge, theories, reasonings, explanations which exist about each separate one of the great forms of art.

Perhaps the briefest definition of what I've christened the "interpretative" critic is that he is one who can measure off the worth of a particular performance, a novel, a poem, a work of music or painting, judged directly on its first impact—and nothing more. It is, I suppose, a judgment based only, *and always only*, on his direct emotional reaction to the work, but quite unrelated to the vast processes which first brought that form of art into existence. And of course we all bear in mind all the time the fact that the critic, of whatever kind, has to have a more highly developed receptivity to the emotion that a work of art can arouse than the casual consumer of that form of art. This latter kind of criticism is, as we are all too well aware, the kind most commonly found to-day; the danger is, that when it is practised with something less than the completely objective frame of mind, it can—and so often does—degenerate into an assessment of the personality who wrote, or played, or acted, or danced the work which is being judged. The actor becomes much more important than the play, and the playwright sinks into the background—he is merely a name somewhere in an obscure corner of the programme.

We are all aware of the strange changes that occur in the arts through the mere process of the passing of time: music quite literally sounds differently (because the technique of making instruments changes and newer materials are used, and there are more highly organized methods of building the instruments). Novels produce on their readers an effect other than that which the author intended—because changes have grown into the absolute structure of the society in which those particular novels were written. Differences about moral, social, political and philosophical values have created a very differently balanced attitude of mind on the part of the reader, listener, or dilettante of the arts: he no longer agrees with the author's point-of-view about whether This is Right and That is Wrong. We have all seen actors playing parts not in pursuance of the playwright's intent, but in pursuance of certain aims known only to themselves and their press-agents—but this is a kind of change which I'm sure plays have always been subjected to: think of Nahum Tate rewriting—was it *King Lear*?—to give it a happy ending! Now, unless the critic is aware that these changes do occur—and go on occurring—he is in danger of estimating the work of art on the same mental and emotional level as the—what I must call—"average customer" who has bought the novel or paid for the theatre seat. When he writes all his valuations in those sorts of terms he is in the greatest danger of his whole career—he will tend more and more to value the work of art as only an immediate piece of work happening here and now—in *this* town on *this* day, and he will cease to be able even to see that its whole justification is the four, or five, or thousand, or tens of thousands of years of human struggle which lie behind the formation of that particular kind of artistic expression.

It seems to me that none of the arts is worth that close study and passionate interest which the critic must show, unless it is perceived as a minute part of the whole pattern of all human endeavour. Our most elementary studies in the arts teach us that their forms are changing under the subtle pressures of the gradually changing background which shapes our daily lives. These very obvious changes are ample evidence that the arts matter because they are alive, and they are showing themselves alive by revealing this slow—but absolutely non-stop—process of change.

If I may go back to the other of our basic definitions: whatever differences may come up when, amongst ourselves, we try to define the word "art", we would probably all agree that it is the result of the conflict between the creative artist's vision, and the actual world around him. Goethe put it very pointedly when he said: "Art is called 'Art' simply because it is not Nature". Our knowledge that each one of us is not only the product of his immediate ancestors, but of generation beyond generation before them,—together with the knowledge that we have each one of us been influenced since the moment of birth by a hundred personalities, a thousand incidents—this is what gives us a proper sense of the true and fundamental value of the arts. For they are both the greatest mystery in human existence and possibly the greatest justification for existence; they seem to me to be the only key to understanding what our lives are about. They are the unfinished—and perhaps totally unending—process of struggle between Man and the Universe—or maybe I should say, Man and his efforts to understand, make some kind of sense out of the Universe. I expect I'm making it quite clear that this is the attitude of an agnostic.

I continue to feel, and have so felt for a long time, that the longer we hold our interest in any of the arts, the more we grapple with an understanding of it, the more we must be made aware that the creation, sharing, discussing, propagandizing works of art is the biggest thing that men have yet indulged in. I believe it could be shown from a study of history that making and participating in works of art has been the one *entirely non-destructive* activity that mankind has so far found. They explain, though only partly, and are in turn explained by, again only partly, the many philosophies, religions, political systems that Man has so far evolved. They are the triumph—purely, of course, a temporary one—of Man over the natural world he has to inhabit.

Now, our understanding of them (such as it is) should lead us to want to protect as well as to encourage the artist; he isn't superhuman, he's only a different kind of human being; he needs not worship but understanding . . . and we can understand him even when he doesn't understand himself. And isn't it about time that we all admitted what each of us thinks to himself—and really *knows*—about this business of criticism? that it is through us and our like in all the other countries and cultures that the artist's work is made known, evaluated, kept in circulation, elucidated where necessary, recorded in history? The artist of the future has much to learn from us—but only if we have written the history of our times in a fair and objective and painstaking fashion.

I apologize for stating so much that is obvious, but we must agree that if we are aware of the value to humanity of the arts and of artists and also of the finest kind of criticism—what I have called “creative criticism”—then we must show and maintain some of that proper pride in our function which, deep down, we all feel. That pride is the outward show of the integrity without which none of us dare call his soul his own: and the integrity must be there to balance that humility in the face of the arts which we, next to the creative artists, are so strongly aware of. We feel this smallness of our essential selves as compared with the vast, partly-mysterious, process of art much more keenly than those people—however they are interested in art—who are farther away from the business of making and spreading it.

That humility is a very real thing for us; it grows out of our knowledge of the depth, the size, the wonderful complexity of every one of the arts—all of them alive, full of meaning and intense value; and they *are* alive—real, strong, moving forces—because their value is tied up with that inexplicable something that enables us, even drives us, to go on living. . . . If I've leaned hard on certain things which are very obvious to each one of us I apologize; but I wanted to make clear how important I think it is that we're aware of this difference between “creative” and “interpretative” critics. It's extraordinary how many people there are who haven't the smallest idea what it means to be a critic of the arts: it's really quite hard to get some people to realize that you don't “just sit down in front of a typewriter and say whether you liked it or not”—that was how someone put it to me only recently. There is an attitude that places the critic as a kind of peculiar and harmless “backroom boy” in a newspaper office—somebody without the qualifications to be “a real reporter”. A great deal of this is due to a kind of transposed enmity on the part of a lot of people who, sensing that we are the ones who most disapprove of the extreme adulation of the interpretative artist, get a form of revenge out of assessing us as beings of no real importance to the arts.

Now I want to refer again to this matter of the critic having a sense of the “historical development of art”. It seems to me at least as important to-day as it ever was in the earlier periods of intensive study and propagandizing of the arts; this present-day importance hangs on the fact—a fact we are all aware of, I suggest, only partly consciously—and that is the impact of modern changes in our way of life as they react upon, and are in turn, influenced by the arts.

Think back on the changes that have come into the way of life of nearly all civilized mankind since the beginning of this century. The increased speed of communication, for one thing, has completely annihilated distance; the new industrial and manufacturing and distributive processes that are a consequence of electrical and chemical advances—all these have had for three or four decades, and are still having, a weighty influence on the general pattern of life for millions of people. We have had the greatest single social change—I mean a compelled alteration in the entire shape and conditioning of a whole society, in Russia—inside this half-century; as well as two of the most brutal and destructive wars men have ever engaged in. . . . Now all these changes in

how we eat, what we wear, the news we gather from all mankind, these things affect what we feel and think about all the components of our pattern of life; they affect what we feel about the arts, what we get out of, as well as what we put into the arts. Briefly we have acquired a higher *tempo* and a more intense complexity to the shape of living inside Western civilization and I suggest that those factors cannot help influencing not only what reward art gives us, they also influence what each of the members of our civilization puts into the arts—whether he is the creator, performer, distributor, critic or the consumer of art.

These are only a few of the most obvious instances of changes in the pattern of life and changes in the use of some of the arts, recently. When radio was first popularized it seemed in the beginning to have completely killed off the private making of music; people did not to the same extent as formerly gather, either in their homes or in clubs and associations (dramatic and operatic societies, music groups and so on), to make their own singing and playing. It was on tap from the air and I remember well the outcry in a great deal of the Press about how this new-fangled invention was killing initiative. . . . But after the first impact, and once we got used to having radio on tap, we found that radio does in fact build up a fresh interest in music of all kinds and on all levels of appreciation. Radio has been directly responsible for the creation of a new kind of music club, a group of appreciators. This may seem wonderful from some points of view—but isn't it a fact that radio, by being so widespread and so easy to consume, has brought about a new condition in music consumption? So much time is given, day after day, to cheap and over-simplified and "formula" music, that we can say that radio, although it satisfies one kind of public demand, has done dreadful damage to the whole art of music by spreading such vast quantities of "Kitsch" music into a hundred thousand homes. I remember the uproar there was when sound-films were first introduced; some hundreds of cinema musicians created enough protest to satisfy the case of tens of thousands of victims, and quite serious efforts were made to persuade Parliament to legislate—somehow—so that an inevitable technical change in a popular art-form should be indefinitely shelved. Well, most of the cinema musicians didn't starve—I suspect that those who didn't live by teaching or getting new jobs in cafés and such places were those who were such bad musicians that it did not matter a great deal.

Now, to-day, people are starting up a fear campaign because they like to pretend that television is going to kill the cinema; we're all going to make a firm habit, immediately, of never going outdoors in the evenings; we shall all sit glued in our armchairs in front of our television sets. Well, if television is going to kill anything, it's probably going to kill all those fifth-rate films that should never in the first instance have got themselves made. I suppose I'm doing no more than giving very obvious instances of broad changes of social habit in connection with some of the arts; there is, however, another kind of change of which we have to be very much aware. These swiftly developing processes in the distributing of certain kinds of art always have attached to them a condition in which we are bound to be very interested. I mean that

when any form of art suddenly hits the consciousness of a new layer of public which hadn't, up to that point, been very interested in it, there comes immediately a process of simplifying, weakening, cheapening it—for the new "mass consumption". This means the making of vast amounts of "Kitsch" in that art-form. In the particular field which most interests me (ballet) I see this process occurring now; a great deal of deliberately fifth-rate ballet is being quite openly created for consumption by a public avid for a new kind of theatre fare. . . . Now how far is it the critic's business to study these developments—to have a firm viewpoint—and to use all his energies to counteract these vulgarizing processes?

I contend that it is very much our responsibility to fight against all these vulgarizations; we have to stand by certain first principles, keep on preaching on behalf of basic principles about each art-form; it is not, and never will be anyone else's job but the critic's, to protect the arts from all this vulgarity and playing down to mass appetites—appetites which anyhow cannot be satisfied until the people concerned have acquired some kind of idea of the value of the form of art they have been led into lusting for—all of a sudden.

I have dealt in detail with certain very simple and obvious matters to do with the critic's trade; because although I am sure that we all know how much valuable work we can perform, we must also realize that very few people outside such a group as this recognize the particular importance of our function. We have got to get that importance recognized; at present we are very well aware that, as critics, we are simply people permitted to utter views on a special occasion of privilege—we are allowed to criticize by the grace of the managements, the impresarios, the directors of musical and theatrical enterprises. We know that, collectively, we are strong in our attachment to the function of criticism, but we are also very weak—and particularly as individuals. With the managements able to be rid of us at any moment they choose and the weird structure of our libel laws, we cannot begin to be seen as of our true importance until a growing body of public opinion accepts us at our own (I mean this group's collective) value.

All of us I am sure put the ultimate seal of our approval and total admiration on the artist who shows that very rare quality—humility. We ourselves know in our hearts that it is a quality that we must show in connection with our work for the arts. But to-day that humility has to be matched with a certain amount of arrogance—in order to get ourselves accepted at a proper valuation. What is the basic strategy we must adopt so that we can make ourselves felt as we know we deserve to be? What degree of compromise is possible between our several points-of-view to strengthen us as a group? It is I am sure unnecessary to mention that our greatest asset is our acceptance of the idea that there should always be a state of "cold war" between artists and critics; for private friendships can undermine the very qualities which make our criticism a worthwhile activity for each one of us. We don't need to try to pick the artists' brains to find what they are working towards—we can get all that we need to know from studying their works; as I said before, it is our business to understand them even when they don't understand themselves.

Kurt Weill

BY

HANS F. REDLICH

THE untimely death of Kurt Weill who succumbed to a heart attack in New York on 3rd April, 1950, shortly after his fiftieth birthday, robs contemporary music of one of its most original characters. Weill was born in Dessau on 2nd March, 1900, but he grew up in Berlin to become a typical product of its post-1918 intelligentsia. As a pupil of Busoni in the early Twenties he seemed destined to increase the number of musical expressionists in Germany. But he soon found his feet as a composer of highly imaginative operas on texts by Georg Kaiser. These early operas—among them *Der Protagonist*, *Royal Palace* and *Der Zar lässt sich photographieren*—won him high praise from progressive critics and admiring colleagues, although they failed to stir German post-war audiences. The turn of the tide came quite suddenly when Weill decided to collaborate with Bert Brecht. The first fruit of their artistic union was *Die Dreigroschenoper* (Berlin, 1928), a most diverting and dramatically condensed German version of *The Beggar's Opera*. In this work Weill succeeded in establishing a new operatic style, based on his new formal concept of "Song"—a mixture of jazz, cabaret ballad and political harangue, admirably suited to epitomize the boiling underground tension of those uneasy years before Hitler's advent. Even more pungent and controversial was their next work, *Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny* (1927, revised 1929). This and the following students' opera *Der Jasager* created the vogue of "Lehrstücke" (educational operas), to which Hindemith, Fortner and other German composers contributed and which eventually found a confirmation in Wagner-Regeny's and Carl Orff's more recent plays with music. A more Handelian type of opera was to have been promulgated by Weill's *Die Bürgschaft* (in a libretto by Caspar Neher), produced in Berlin in 1932, but the forces of Nazism drove the composer into exile early in the following year.

After his shortlived success in Germany, Weill had to start once more at rock bottom, as so many German musicians of his generation. As a homeless fugitive he produced ballets and operas in France and England, eventually to find a home again in the United States, where he has been lately hailed as a most successful composer for stage and screen. The tragedy of our contemporary world, living as it does spiritually in watertight compartments, is nowhere more vividly expressed than in the fact that the compositions of the mature Kurt Weill, written between his 34th and 50th year, have so far remained a closed book even to his most faithful admirers in the old world. The later part of his *Oeuvre*, including the opera *Knickerbockers holiday* (1936), the students' opera *Down in the valley* (1947), the music drama *Lost in the stars* (1949), the smaller operas *Lady in the dark*, *Street scene*, the film music *A touch of Venus* and sundry ballets, has still to be explored before a fair assessment of Weill's creative achievement could be ventured upon. It must have been a keen disappointment to him, who had given Germany its most successful and stylistically most far reaching operatic work in this century, that the country of his origin cold-shouldered him even after the defeat of Nazidom in 1945. With Kurt Weill, who died while planning an opera on the subject of *Huckleberry Finn*, one of the few composers to succeed in bridging the gap between artist and audience has vanished from the contemporary scene.

Prague Spring Music Festival

BY

H. G. SEAR

ON the surface there is little difference between the Prague festival and that, say, of Edinburgh. Beneath it there is a wide dissimilarity. This year, especially, at Prague, in framing programmes, the requirements, the attainments of the people have always been kept in mind. But this, you may say, is a backward step. That may very well be, but it is regarded as a precautionary one, a temporary step.

I need not resort to special pleading. The root problem exists everywhere: how to bridge the ever-widening breach between composers and their audience; *their* audience. Let me first state a case. This year's festival opened with a cantata by Andreas Dobias, bearing the title, ominous to some of us, *Stalin's Order of the Day No. 268*, which concerned the liberation of Prague. It is neither the best work nor the latest by this composer. The truth is that, judged purely as music, it is unresourceful melodically and harmonically; its thick orchestration proved damaging even in a good performance by the Czech Philharmonic, and often drowned the Broadcasting Male Choir, which, by the way, remained seated; the fine qualities of the singing, however, were clear enough.

In a discussion I had with eight representative Czech musicians my opinion of the work was invited. I gave it in detail only to discover that it was theirs too; and it would have been the same had Dobias himself been present.

Then why was the piece chosen, I asked. (I was a little piqued because Shostakovich's new cantata, *The Song of the Forests*, was cancelled at the last minute.) The opening concert fell very near the date of Liberation Day, I was told, and in the circumstances it was the best available. I had already experienced its particular emotional message; that very afternoon I had actually seen the Russian tank, the first to enter the city, now standing on its pedestal in a great square. I had savoured its emotional appeal and was reminded of Elgar's *Spirit of England* and its peculiar impact in the first world war. It is a justification: but the work would hardly pass scrutiny here.

I deplored the fact that programmes generally showed little initiative, while contemporary works were lacking. Yet great care had gone to their organization and I was told that not only were audiences unready for modern music but composers themselves were meeting new problems. It became plain that a broader appeal was demanded, that folk music or memorable melody were to be important ingredients, that these things faced living composers with the greatest difficulties.

These difficulties became palpable when the Bratislav Opera was transported *en bloc* to Prague for a performance of Suchon's *Krutnava*, the opera, so I gleaned, to replace all Czech operas. But this, perhaps, was only the opinion of the moment; it shouldn't be taken too seriously.

Here was a story, familiar to all peasant peoples, of village love, jealousy, murder, repentance, atonement and final joy. And please remember that Czech opera which, from Smetana's day, has a magnificent tradition, is much preoccupied with just this kind of story. Suchon's opening scene is almost static; action proceeds mainly from a fine orchestral tissue made up of shreds of speech-melody, instantly suggestive of Janáček, but couched in a whole-tone scale that precludes development and even makes climax doubtful. This was immediately followed by a brilliant peasant scene, complete with folk-wedding festival. It was a disconcerting change of style, pithy, vigorous, colourful, yet in its very nature next to impossible as far as development is concerned. By this time one wondered how the two styles were to be amalgamated and how this could be made into an opera, an entity. It did *not* integrate. And yet it told its story aided by good singing, superb acting and superb production. Suchon may not have resolved his musical

problems, but the fact that the Czech operatic stage is very much alive thrust this particular drama onward.

In his day Smetana integrated a music for his fellow-countrymen, and it is clear that he is being held up as an example in much the same way as Tchaikovsky in the Soviet Union. There is a Smetana Five-Year Plan, devised by Nejedlý, authority on Dvořák and Smetana and now Minister of Education, to familiarize the whole population with every aspect of the composer's work. Superior beings can look down their noses at the thought, but Smetana's example rebukes them. His eight operas were designed for special nationalistic purposes, *The Bartered Bride*, for instance, as a simple, joyous entertainment in the mother tongue. It and *Dalibor* and *Libussa* served their special purpose in the Festival, here and now. And a full performance of *Ma Vlast* attracted an audience that was a much clearer-cut cross-section of a whole population than most British audiences are. The workers had priority for seats in all cases and it was obvious that clearly defined groups had come from the land and the factories.

What surprised me most were the five hundred citizens who listened so intently to a programme of eighteenth century music played by the Czech Wind Ensemble, "choice" music made in the gardens of the Brevnov Monastery.

Another surprise, a piquant one, was provided by the Roumanian Folk Music Ensemble which consists of 72 players (40 strings, with accordions, zithers, mandolines, guitars, pan-pipes, etc.). They use no music either in rehearsal or concert. What they play has an air of improvisation with many of the limitations thereof: it is drawn from the memory of tradition but form and orchestration are settled in what must be an intensely gruelling rehearsal; yet design and precision are matchless.

The cream of Soviet artists appeared: Oistrakh, the superb mezzo-soprano Zara Doluchanova, the bass, Pavel Lisician. But it was Emil Hilels, in Rachmaninov's 3rd Concerto, who revised one's standards. Five seconds sufficed to place him among the first half-dozen living pianists.

Standards of performance throughout were high. Every programme carried peace slogans in four languages. Certainly the music was not the worse for that. New music might keep the people away but this underlying motive did not. From beginning to end these audiences showed no signs of shrinking either in numbers or enthusiasm.

XIII Maggio Musicale Fiorentino

VII CONGRESSO INTERNAZIONALE DI MUSICA

BY

HANS KELLER

MOST rewarding were the two first stage performances of Dallapiccola's one-act opera *Il Prigionero* (after Conte Villiers de l'Isle-Adam's *La torture par l'espérance* and Charles de Coster's *La légende d'Ulenspiegel et de Lamme Goedzak*), conducted, upon the composer's wish, by Scherchen, and received with surprising applause; as well as Boris Christoff's Philip II in *Don Carlos* (under Tullio Serafin) and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's badly attended recital with Giorgio Favaretto. Most repellent was the anthology of Hollywood music (Aaron Copland's *Red Pony* excepted) which Hollywood's only delegate at the (Film) Music Congress, D. Amfitheatrof, proudly and naively presented to an assembly mainly of musicians who could hardly be expected to like the stuff; and the reeking ballet *Dramma per musica* whose anonymous musical arranger subjected Bach to Hollywoodian treatment. The none too impressive *Orchestra e Coro del Maggio Musicale Fiorentino* and the *Ballets de l'opéra de Paris* functioned throughout in their respective fields.

The dodecaphonic *Il Prigionero* was composed between 1944 and 1948. Its marked individuality makes the study of certain general contemporary tendencies manifesting themselves in it an all the more fascinating task. First of all, it strongly draws upon sado-masochistic energies just as—to take one of its extreme opposites in well-nigh every other respect—the Stravinsky *Mass*. Indeed the story itself—a prisoner of the Spanish Inquisition is tortured, before his execution, with the illusion of liberty—could not more fairly equilibrate intense sadism and masochism. Secondly, the twelve-tonal structure not only gives prominence to common chords, but in fact employs a well-defined diatonic ingredient as prominent means of unification. Thirdly, this diatonic element corresponds to what, as I have often pointed out, is one of the strongest and most widely active tendencies in contemporary tonal music: the semitonal shifting of keys. In the first of the three scenes which succeed the prisoner's mother's prologue, the transition, not always immediate, between the B minor and C minor chords appears as the first episode's binding factor, both triads being repeatedly sustained; and it soon becomes clear that we are here confronted with a central motto- and Leit-progression and -modulation, though not of course always on the same degrees: before the end of the first scene, for instance, where the prisoner escapes from his cell, we get an F minor-F sharp minor transition. The succeeding, and only orchestral interlude develops the motto-progression with considerable insistence, while in the short third scene (just over 5 minutes), where the prisoner has escaped into a garden and his hopes reach their zenith, the motto plays its rôle at first more unobtrusively than at any previous stage; it is only when the Great Inquisitor appears, "embracing" and recapturing the prisoner, that it emerges again into the foreground. And just before the tragic end, the solo violin gives a linear version of the motto: C-D \flat -C-D \flat . The opera does not end diatonically, though there is a vague allusion to the orientation of F. Incidentally, the very end is least convincing; one has the suspicion that the composer did not know how to finish. The intermezzos between prologue and first scene and between the second and third scenes are choral; the third scene is the only one within and throughout which the chorus (always invisible) is used. The greatest part of the work is immensely expressive and impressive as long as you don't look at the stage, for if you look you don't see what you hear: the "action" chiefly consists of the drama of the prisoner's inner life. I have not met a musician who did not object to the untheatrical character of the piece. The composer is said to have declared in defence that the future of opera lies in the subjective drama. This notion has been ridiculed. Both sides are, I think, right and wrong. The subjective drama probably has a future in opera. But the endopsychic conflicts must be sufficiently projected into, and personified in the outside world of the stage to make a visible story. It will at the same time be realized that *Il Prigionero* would be ideally suited for the Third Programme. It has, by the way, already been broadcast in Italy, and Peter Gradenwitz has presented it on the Israel Radio. Palestine reactions were enthusiastic: in the original French story the prisoner is the Rabbi Aser Abarbanel.

Boris Christoff offered a really great interpretation. It was deeply depressing to hear criticisms of his exaggerations, and admonitory comparison with the less idiosyncratic singing and acting of lesser artists. I do not deny that Christoff exaggerates in various directions; the point is that there is more method in an inspired artist's madness than in a minor figure's method: *quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi*. And all but inspired criticism is either wrong or irrelevant.

Everything had been done to worsen, by means of a variety of curtains framing the stage, the acoustics of the Teatro della Pergola where Schwarzkopf gave her lonely recital (whereas the over-reverberate and re-echoing Teatro Comunale where the operas were played could not have been worse). She started off, nervously, with Bach's *Mein gläubiges Herz* and *Bist du bei mir*, attaining a marvellous *piano* in the former and a moving *near-senza-vibrato* in the latter. Purcell's *Blessed Virgin's Expostulation* and Schubert's *Ave Maria* were both excellent, but it was in the *Musensohn's* "Ich kann sie nicht erwarten —Die erste Blüt' im Garten" that she showed for the first time that simultaneous articulation and ever forward-urging unification of successive phrases which later made her

reading of Brahms' "Feinsliebchen, du sollst mir nicht barfuss gehen" an exciting re-discovery of the strong thread—"die grosse Linie"—which runs through this, as through all good music. The final "Meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer" in Schubert's *Gretchen am Spinnrade* was again of the most understanding, *vibrato*-less evenness. By way of Wolf, whose *Die Spröde* she sang with particular insight, Schwarzkopf proceeded to Strauss, with whose *Morgen* the bad part of the programme started: for then came four rotten folk songs, one of which—"Z' Schätzli"—was rotten even as rotten songs go. There is no excuse for performing such rubbish. Otherwise, two general criticisms remain: Schwarzkopf's tendency to sing sharp is growing stronger, and there is still something else lacking in all her interpretations—her depth, while sincerely manifest, is superficial. This is a matter for psychic development.

The rest of the Festival included, beside a largely awful series of ballets and the first Italian productions(!) of Lully's *Armide* and Spontini's *Olimpia* (which latter I gave up after two acts), Herbert Graf's sometimes too static production of *Elektra* (in German) with Anni Konetzni (good), Martha Mödl (powerful; at times too much so) and Hans Braun, brilliantly conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos, as well as the 7th International Music Congress, once again under the presidency of Pizzetti and devoted to the subject of film music.*

The British section comprised Rawsthorne, Frankel, Antony Hopkins, Jack Lee (film director) and myself. Mellers had been invited but had to cancel his personal participation in the last minute; his reasoned paper on the history and development of form in film music (which to some extent corresponded to the section on film music in the first chapter of his *Studies in Contemporary Music*) was read by Antony Hopkins, whose own speech on *Irony and Humour in Film Music* included a successful attack on the Hollywood composer's obligation to entrust the scoring of his music to a time-saving "orchestrator". Hopkins showed us, by way of contrast with Hollywood's titles, the witty, and wittily scored, title music to his own *Vice Versa* (there were projection facilities in the conference room); unfortunately the piece goes on after the joke is over. I read a paper on *Featured Music: "Classical" Quotations*, or at any rate I was supposed to read it: one member of our section, aided and abetted by another, prevailed upon me during lunch to stimulate myself and the audience with the help of Italian wine, and the chief thing I remember about my reading is that I could pronounce the word "metaphenomenal" (which I had chosen as test-word during lunch) without undue difficulty, and that I skipped several words, phrases and paragraphs of my paper because I didn't like the look of them. By a fortunate piece of mismanagement, Frankel wasn't originally invited to make a speech; when at last he was, Amfitheatrof had already paraded his Hollywood *Kitsch*, and Frankel, who is a frank and brilliant speaker, delivered *ex abrupto* fireworks on Amfitheatrof's excerpts in particular and Hollywood music and orchestration in general; he was not, in fact, polite. Practically everybody showed his gratitude to Frankel, though one Italian suggested that we must be nice to the Americans. This was really the only instance of lively controversy, for next to no time had been reserved for discussion. Even the debate on Frankel's speech was interrupted by "closing time", and never resumed. Thus the Congress suffered almost throughout from soliloquies which, however worthy in themselves, didn't need a Congress: they could have been published at lesser cost.

* See also *Film Music* on p. 216.

Cheltenham Festival, 1950

BY

DONALD MITCHELL

First Performances

Alwyn: Symphony No. 1 in D major.

Arnell: String Quintet, Op. 60.

Bax: Concerto for piano (left hand) and orchestra. (Soloist: Harriet Cohen.)

Collins: Symphony No. 2, for strings.

Fricker: Symphony, Op. 9.

THE only works of musical worth—indeed the only ones possible to discuss musically—were Fricker's Symphony and Arnell's Quintet. At the rehearsals I thought I understood the Fricker, both its considerable weaknesses and its considerable merits: at the performance I understood it less in all its aspects. Therefore the comments I make must be considered partial and the result of a certain condition of unresponsiveness which lies between comprehension on the one hand and misunderstanding on the other. It may well be that this reaction makes its own comment on Fricker's work. Incontestably, here is a composer who has thought seriously and (mostly) musically about undertaking a large-scale orchestral work; though whether his thinking has expanded to symphonic proportions I doubt. A point in his favour is his expert handling of full instrumental and percussive resources; the score runs to a piano integrated into the texture in Stravinskian *Symphony of Psalms* fashion, which is not, by the way, the only Stravinsky influence present. Historically the big orchestra remains a problem for us: Fricker's very sober approach to it, his sense of responsibility, and his imaginative instrumentation are much to his credit. That is, he doesn't orchestrate. One example: his use of the bass drum in the *Adagio* which was both musical and dramatic in its *pianissimo*, solitary and isolated note: indeed it proved to be the final note in the movement. I am not being trite: it convinced me that Fricker's ears are unusually acute. Structurally the Symphony was least satisfactory. The first movement was top-heavy and never seemed able to move far from an inhibiting introduction and a subsequent contrapuntal climax of incredible frenzy. Somehow the music never achieved a consequent freedom: it was paralysed by its own violence. In the third movement, *Tableau and Dance: Moderato*, there was too much freedom, too many superfluous ideas; the movement would be immeasurably strengthened by being topped and tailed. The finale was episodic, non-organic: it had tension, but not of the kind that sustains a structure without resource to external scaffolding: it lacked inner unity. The slow movement struck me as formally the most coherent. More generally, Fricker's style is uncompromisingly austere and predominantly severe in mood, if often passionate: late Stravinsky and Hindemith are obvious stylistic sources, though Fricker in my view hasn't the latter's capacity to write counterpoint that generates a self-sufficing structure of its own. Conclusion: not a symphony by a long way, but there are immense and potent possibilities. Much to me remains enigmatic: but I was compelled to think about his music, an activity not aroused by the other first performances which were little more than depressive sedatives.

Arnell's Quintet did not disappoint. His music is in some respects difficult to come to grips with because of his disconcerting habit of inventing highly contradictory thematic and harmonic materials at great speed and juxtaposing them in the same movement: one has to adjust oneself to a conception of unity by extreme diversity; and not always

does Arnell live up to his own inventive standards, as in the Quintet's very desultory and

diffident opening *Allegro*. On the whole the work did not set out to be profound. Occasionally, and with a sort of disarming candour, the music would turn on itself and contemplate with a singularly beautiful detachment its own whimsicality: such moments were of remarkable intensity, recalling Arnell's flair for grave epilogues and tranquil episodes

of great distinction. In its structure, and especially with regard to texture, Arnell showed fresh and characteristic imagination. The last movement, packed with his own brand of laconic humour (not I think very much appreciated by his Cheltenham audience) was particularly interesting in its sectional treatment of the string resources (2 violins, 2 violas and cello). There was notable experimentation in antiphony: a duologue for violins, for instance, and an extended passage for string trio (violin, viola, cello), alternating with *tutti*s. A work not of promise but of achievement.

The Blech Quartet (with Kenneth Essex, viola) were responsible for the Arnell: the Fricker was played with the utmost conscientious care by the Hallé, under Barbirolli.

Hallé Concerts: Spring 1950

BY

JOHN BOULTON

12th April

This was one of the concerts given during the annual visit to Manchester of Professor Krips, perhaps the most distinguished of regular Hallé visiting conductors. The first part of his programme was quite delightful. After the National Anthem, half the orchestra left the platform and there followed a delicious performance of the *Jupiter* Symphony in which Krips gave an entirely classical and beautifully clear reading. Weingarten was now to play the evening's novelty: Haydn's piano Concerto in D. He, too, is a rather better artist than we commonly hear in Manchester, and whilst we were applauding his entrance the Hallé players were thinning out still further to leave us with a true chamber orchestra seated round the piano. Here, the *crème de la crème* played to a standard appropriate to such refining of the orchestra's forces. Weingarten also. Only a performance as nearly perfect as his really justifies the playing of the work, for it must be said that the function of Haydn's many felicitous passages seems to be that of holding up the wide and weighty areas of sheer upholstery which pad the Concerto out; delicately stitched, pleasantly coloured upholstery—good period stuff—but upholstery all the same.

We afterwards heard the fourth Brahms Symphony and again came face to face with the undoubted limitations of Professor Krips. Compared with his more than competent Mozart of the same evening and the exquisite Haydn, this was a bad performance. It was certainly below the standard to which, in big symphonic music, the orchestra can attain.

23rd April

Rossini's *Semiramide* provided the overture; the Rossini *crescendi*, the flashes of horn, flute and piccolo melody-making and of trombone skittishness were done to perfection of tone and timing. The extremely high jinks encompassed by Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker* Suite were equally perfectly realized in a performance given with an air just nicely short of contempt for the many and familiar, albeit considerable, technical difficulties. It was as if orchestras had been invented for the sole purpose of playing Rossini and Tchaikovsky, and conductors were men who knew this to be so and were in attendance merely to see that the orchestra stopped at the right time.

Wagner's *Venusberg* music, on the other hand, was given a performance in which there was no sign of a routine attitude to the music. The large women's chorus singing somewhere away in the depths of the King's Hall under-buildings made their contribution really tell and, apart from a perfectly musical performance from all concerned, Sir John must be congratulated on a piece of first-rate orchestral staging in the Belle Vue hall.

Noises off were to continue in a splendid performance of the *Symphonie Fantastique*. The principal oboe was rightly sent from the circus ring away to regions out of sight at

the beginning of the *scène aux champs*; then a rainstorm hit the drum-like wooden roof of the King's Hall to provide an effect Berlioz would surely have scored into the last movement, had he known he could rely on rainstorms with Mancunian regularity and had his imagination, fertile as it was, run to a building quite like the King's Hall.

26th April

Edmund Rubbra's magnificent fifth Symphony was given a vital and artistic performance. Barbirolli has the one great attribute needed to touch off this work—virility; for this is a man's music. Rubbra is slowly getting the recognition due to him (at this concert he got an unusual ovation: we do not remember so marked a demonstration as met him when he appeared at the close of his symphony). He can afford to wait. The present tendency of British criticism towards femininity in music, marked for example, by preferences for Massenet, Puccini and other pedlars in feminine feeling, the still unspent Tchaikovsky cult and the mania for ballet music, works against the Rubbras of this world. But eventually the lilies will fade and the pansies lose their fragrance, and music born of that true creative inspiration that is the prerogative of manliness will, as it must, proliferate. Edmund Rubbra is one of the few chosen to follow on from Ralph Vaughan Williams in ensuring that this age of apparently intense musical creation shall leave behind in Britain something more than fragrant noise.

Sir John gave a delightful reading of *A Song before Sunrise*: his Delius is often most felicitous. Pierre Fournier played the Dvořák Concerto in the best live performance we have heard in many years. It is a prerogative of executive genius to make of commonplace inspiration something worth listening to and this was eminently the case here.

7th May

The Busoni arrangement of the Overture, Idomeneo's Prayer to Neptune and the Cretan Soldiers' March from Mozart's Opera *Idomeneo* was played for the first time at Hallé concerts. Busoni's concert Suite is entirely successful in presenting a feeling of dramatic action sustained through three contrasting movements: and he leaves us in no doubt as to who wrote the music. So that when, immediately afterwards we had Symphony No. 40 in G minor, we were in a position to appreciate afresh the astonishing emotional range encompassed by Mozart in the Symphony; compared with this, in spite of Busoni's heightened colours, the music to *Idomeneo* was pale and lightsome. The playing throughout was delightful.

This was the occasion of the Hallé Society's performance of Beethoven's *Choral* Symphony. It was most disappointing. The Hallé Choir sang well enough; they have improved tremendously and by now there is probably no better choir in the North of England; which means in Europe. Joan Taylor, Marjorie Thomas, Parry Jones and Tom Williams were collectively just about adequate in a performance which flagged audibly and visibly. The orchestra looked tired. It is our opinion that they were, in fact, too tired for their task and the kindest thing is to close the season's notices with the hope, for them, of an adequate summer rest and, for Manchester, that its citizens will acquire grace by making it possible for this orchestra to continue under working conditions acceptable to a body of artists and a conductor who, together, have it in them to add greatly to the fame of Manchester and the name of Hallé.

Film Music and Beyond

WILLIAM ALWYN: BAD AND GREAT WORK

II. GREAT

My knowledge of what was being said at the Florence Film Music Congress* is incomplete. The translations with which we were provided consisted of mysterious summaries; there was one particularly profound *précis* which I perused with awed interest until I discovered that it was supposed to summarize my own speech. However, as far as I am aware, none of the delegates insisted on film music's need to be musical. On the contrary, we repeatedly heard what you couldn't musically do in the cinema, as if we didn't hear that in the cinema anyway. It quite often happens of course that the form of a film asks for music that does not look after itself. That is why quite often a film isn't worth bothering about. Yet, the more funny noises these film-conscious composers produce or talk about the more artistic they feel. For my own part, I should have felt pretty lonely at the Congress, had not Rawsthorne at one point murmured to me: "Nobody's said yet that what is needed for a good film composer is a composer". But then Rawsthorne hardly opened his mouth during the whole Congress except for the purpose of liquid resuscitation. In fact the man who composed the music for *The Captive Heart*, who is more articulate extra-musically than most composers of his stature, was never invited to read a paper. Nor did the discussion I had hoped for take place—between Alwyn who thinks the film composer should forget about being a composer, and Laszlo Lajtha (Hungary) who thinks that film music should *qua* music be musical; Alwyn declined to attend, apparently because he was ill, and Lajtha may not have been invited.

Now most composers of Alwyn's film-aesthetic school create their anti-musical ideas about film music out of their creative incapacity and use them as a veil—transparent for all but themselves and their like—for their sound effects. Alwyn himself, however, is not among them. Not that he never uses his filmic conscience for rationalizing his insufficient music. But this one gladly suffers in return for his equally filmic, yet musically important *Rocking Horse Winner*; as a matter of fact it is his film sense which in this case is responsible for a novel and strong musico-dramatic structure.

Unable to attend the Press Show of the film, I gave my ticket to a professional musician, asking him to report to me. He wrote: "Useful, tasteful film music without particular distinction". A month or so later I happened to pass a suburban cinema where the film was being shown. Suspicious both of another man's verdict and of my own prejudices (which at that time could not have been less kind to Alwyn) I walked in. It turned out that the score's distinction was extremely "particular": by taking the rhythm of the dialogue's leading sentence as well as of its leading word as thematic basis for an expressive chromatic phrase (both well-defined and well-divisible) and for a characteristic Snap motif respectively; by constructing this thematic material with such symphonic foresight that it becomes variable and treatable from the most distant musical and emotional standpoints, with more than one particle from the chromatic phrase having the power to function as *pars pro toto*; and—to abstract the principle of his approach—by thus succeeding in *centering a musically valid structure on the musical* (or, if you like, pre-musical) *aspect of the film's most functional extra-musical element* and also on a fanfare-like motto which epitomizes the theme of the film on the descriptive level, the often reactionary Alwyn has created a revolutionary form of dramatic music which, like Walton's piece for the Players' Scene in *Hamlet*, is only possible in the cinema.

The susceptible listener is already prepared for the musico-dramatic significance of the dialogue's most operative sentence by the title music which, that is to say, offers the musicalization in advance of what is being musicalized,† similarly as in music itself a

* See also the report on the *Maggio Musicale* on p. 212.

† A new device needs a new term.

variation or development will sometimes appear in advance of what is being varied or developed.

Mozart's music in particular tends to show independence of its temporality: ideally, it should be heard, *i.e.* imagined, as he himself heard it: all at once, "like a picture". In a future note I hope to return to a striking instance of how he develops, in a sonata movement, something whose exposition is only to be found in the recapitulation. The movement is the *Prague's* first.

The actual (spoken) exposition of the film's thematic sentence could not be more strongly stressed.* First, before the first musical section within the film, we hear the extravagant mother's husband say: "We must have more money". Later, in the sequence where the crucial dispute about the family's financial situation is intercut with the boy's first ride on the rocking horse, the mother says: "We simply must have more money and that is all there is to it!", and then again, thrice: "We must have more money!", and finally: "There must be more money!" Follows, immediately, Alwyn's Catch motif on "money", succeeded by his musicalization of the rhythm of the mother's ominous final pronouncement. Unfortunately, however, the music is melodramatically combined with the "Money!" whispers which the boy hears in the house: a tautology, I thought. But since nobody seems to have noticed as much as the fact of the musicalization, my criticism, however relevant, may be in the minority of one. The further treatment of motif and phrase is spotless and highly imaginative. One of the sad and tense chromatic phrase's most radical metamorphoses, artful in its fabric and artless in its effect, occurs during the fashion parade, in the waltz which also incorporates the Snap. Later on, with the sad three-note and two-note descending chromatic excerpts from the phrase, Alwyn realizes to the full the motivic potentialities with which he has invested it; and the Snap appears, among and after other contexts, in augmentation as meaningful dominant pedal *ostinato* in the anticipatory E \flat minor threnody (dubbed at far to low a level) near the end.

The film does not end where D. H. Lawrence's story does, for the censor believed that "the ending, brilliant as it was in the short story, needed further underlining in the film". Consequently, an extra scene of supreme *Kitsch*, showing the burning of the rocking horse, "the mother's realization of her guilt and finally the use of the money for a benevolent purpose" was tacked on to a picture which might otherwise have approached adult artistic expression if the censor had not also given his advice in a previous sequence, where the boy is at great pains to make clear his "innocence and lack of appreciation of the value of money for its own sake". Nothing is so filthy as what stupidity has tried to clean.

Whereas, however, many an inoffensive film is spoiled by the *Kitsch* that drenches its sound track, the position is more than reversed in the *Rocking Horse Winner's* added scene: indeed, had this not been doomed by its existence, Alwyn's continued exploration of his dramatic-thematic material would have saved it. The fanfare motto underlines the burning of the horse; then a moving solo violin version of the thematic phrase emerges as the groom looks at the boy's money box, while a *fortissimo* statement of a modifying derivative from the phrase—an extract rather than an excerpt (f'-e'-c'♯ in D minor)—accompanies the mourning mother's last entry. The next and last musical section leads, again via the fanfare and a single impressive appearance of a two-note quote from the thematic phrase—of the *Leidmotiv*, in fact, that goes through diatonic history—to the final three dark C's downstairs.

The idiom of the score is, for Alwyn, unusually advanced: already the ternary title music's middle part shows a high degree of chromatic intensification, while the third part is, logically, less diatonic than the first. From the Aeolian A minor end of the overture Alwyn proceeds to the relative major's tonic minor at the tail-end: a musically satisfactory and dramatically plausible progressive tonality, quite especially welcome in the cinema, where most non-concentric tonalities are digressive. "Tonal Structures" would indeed have been a burning problem for the Congress to discuss, but only Roland Manuel seems to have concerned himself with them.

H. K.

* In my description of film and score I am relying on my memory and some notes of a distant, single session. In a way I hope I am making mistakes: they might draw attention to the necessity for always providing the film music critic with script and score.

Concerts, Recitals and Opera

FIRST PERFORMANCES

(1) Wishart, 4 violin pieces. (2) Sándor Veress, 2nd violin Sonata. (3) Hindemith, 6 *Chansons* (1939; original French poems by Rilke). (4) Rivier, *Divertissement dans le style Operette*. (5) Poulenc, cello Sonata. (6) Seiber, *Ulysses Cantata*. (7) Poulenc, Sinfonietta. (8) Carlo Boller, French-Swiss songs. (9) Dello Joio, 3rd piano Sonata. (10) Erik Chisholm, piano Concerto. (11) Virgilio Mortari, *Musica per archi*. (12) Maconchy, Symphony.

LIKE Oldham's work which I mentioned in the last issue, the Wishart reminds me of Schönberg's 40-year-old admonishment:

"The belief in technique's claiming the monopoly of all means of grace should be suppressed, the striving after truthfulness should be encouraged."

Given some talent, the less one has to say the better is one able to say it, and given Wishart's talent one is able to say it extremely well: hence the fuss made about him. His future development I dare not predict, but these present pieces constitute for me a swindle form, especially in their harmonic structures. The Veress, on the other hand—one of the works which in fairness to the composer one should hear only once—would seem to be an honest harmonic mess: its norms of dissonance waver. Besides, I personally find its approach to sound and sonority quite intolerable: it is "experimental", i.e. not heard through at its conception. According to Colin Mason ("Sándor Veress", in *World Music*, Vienna, 1949, Vol. I), Veress is great while Stravinsky isn't—or such, at any rate, is the admirer's distinct implication. I do not wish to discuss it before I know more of Veress' work. Hindemith's *Chansons* show such intrinsically solid workmanship and so much feeling (as distinct from inspiration) that they may well serve as a serious, because highly enjoyable, brake on musical development: they are not good enough to warrant their fundamental regression. What we hoped for in the February issue, a new Rivier, but not a quartet and indeed preferably something light, has meanwhile arrived. Using a narrow and strongly diatonic, concentric G major frame, the composer succeeds with a continuous E flat major in the second movement and fails with his unrelieved F major in the fourth. Otherwise the divertimento would be yet more delightful if Rivier didn't always finish one or two bars too late. A second hearing of Poulenc's cello Sonata confirmed the validity of our first impression (MR, August, 1949), and a second hearing of the Seiber answered our original query (*ibid.*)—"whether the whole work is as inspired as proved, upon first acquaintance, certain sections"—largely in the affirmative. The (fourth) twelve-tone movement of the cyclic work is one of the none too numerous pieces employing this method of composition which are worthy of its inceptor. The Cantata needs many hearings. The cyclic Poulenc Sinfonietta, derived from a withdrawn string quartet and dedicated to Auric, develops a progressive tonality towards the relative major's dominant: the first movement proceeds from G minor to the tonic major, the second is in F, the third in A flat, and the fourth progresses from B flat to F. The extended A flat of the sentimental third movement is astonishingly engrossing. Like the cello Sonata, this is indeed a beautifully sweet, simple, witty, light work with, again, some forced transitions which attract all the more attention since everything else is so natural. But I hasten to except one transition from this censure: the fourth movement's witty *Rückführung* to the recapitulation in the dominant. The invention is naturally eclectic, but there are also many purposive derivatives which seem to count upon the listener's remembering their originals. Carlo Boller's treatment is as simple as can be imagined, both formally and harmonically. The three—D major, C major and B major—songs are in fact completely diatonic and of the most regular strophic build, except that the first song's second strophe turns into D minor instead of D major at the climax where the poet's (Maurice Budry's) heart is moved to tears: it is as if here for the first time sadness

had found its way into the minor mode. Come to think of it, the French works mentioned in this article tend to lend strength to my suggestion (*op. cit.*, *Film Music*) that "the French . . . seem to find spontaneous and naive diatonicism still comparatively easy—other, endopsychic things being as equal as theory can make them". After our last, joyless experience of Dello Joio's work (*op. cit.*, *First Performances*), parts of his 3rd violin Sonata (1948) proved better than expected. It is true that the first (variation) movement's theme starts off with the sort of deceptive imitation which ends for the sole reason of being unable to continue, that the first variation is unsubstantial, the second childish, while of the third I remember nothing but lots of octaves. But the fourth variation is a bit more adventurous tonally (if not very successfully so) than both which precedes it and those violin Variations and Capriccio (*ibid.*) which are imprisoned in F major; and the fifth variation also decides upon a higher degree of harmonic tension. The primitive *coda*, with its return to the theme in shortened form is ridiculous, whereas the third movement is the saddest of all aural experiences: an empty *Adagio*. Instead of volunteering the curious information about Robert Wallenborn, the pianist who played the Sonata, that "indeed, the success of his concerts have (*sic*) been due not only to his fine musicianship, but", believe it or not, "to his love of great music and ability to make his audience love it too", the programme might have said that Dello Joio is a Hindemith pupil. The brilliantly orchestrated Chisholm "is the outcome of a desire to write a large-scale work employing the normal resources of Western music but founded on Hindu scales and melodies". You need not, however, know anything about Hindu scales and melodies in order to dislike the Concerto whose styles are mixed without being resolved, and some of whose Hinduism has travelled by extraordinary routes, *e.g.* modern Russia (Shostakovich, Prokofiev). It offers good unintentional entertainment; some of the places where "Hindu" melody meets European harmony are in fact indescribably funny. I do not, however, suggest that the thing can't be done. The Mortari is a misdirected continuous movement with an excellent first section of bi-thematic, sonata-like form which is dominated by the *ostinato* rhythm of the first subject and combines the subjects in good counterpoint. Thereafter things become extended rather than extensive, unavoidable rather than inevitable. The first theme is continued into the next, slow section as well as into the succeeding martial part whose own theme is in its turn taken into the next slow section, the principle being: be cyclic where it works and don't be cyclic where it doesn't—not, it would appear, the loftiest of structural maxims. The *coda* features, *pizz.* in the basses, the *ostinato* (G-F-E \flat -D in G minor), which is duly augmented *qua* composed *allargando*, and (if I remember correctly), as is fit and proper, the Picardy third ensues, or at any rate it should. Elizabeth Maconchy points out that her Symphony's motto is, among and above other themes, intended to unite the four movements into an integrated whole, and so does the *Symphony*, until you are sick of the motto. The work falls into the ever-increasing category of music that is unnecessary where it is not bad.

BBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS

ALBERT HALL, 22ND MARCH

Mendelssohn: *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture; Brahms: 3rd Symphony;

Ravel: *Daphnis and Chloe* (complete)

The programme proceeded from a brilliantly static form over a widely developing structure to brilliant formlessness which is bad for you.

The Brahms: "Sir Adrian Boult gave the F major Symphony its full measure of gusto and whirlwind romanticism as well as the intellectual power which can easily be understated in this work. . . . The BBC Symphony Orchestra was throughout on its mettle" (*The Times*). "It was a performance full of loving care. The tempos were easy-going, the lighting generally subdued" (R.C. in the *Daily Telegraph*). Selection of typical facts: 1st movement: The two *crescendi* before the 2nd subject (as also those before the exposition's closing section) started far too soon, perhaps because Boult was afraid that otherwise they might not come out at all. The closing section's alternating pairs of *staccato*

quavers were, owing to a complete misunderstanding of the *staccato* dots, impossibly isolated. The immensely expressive *Rückführung* with the re-emergence of the basic motif in the horn had to face heavy opposition from the orchestra. The *a'* in the 4th bar before the end was softer than the preceding *c''*: one of the many most elementary howlers. *2nd movement*: Total neglect of *p* in the oboe phrase which at the beginning leads back into the theme, as well as in the middle section's 31st bar. The opening *A*'s of this part bumped in: no trace of an upbeat. The dotted quaver figures' semiquavers in the recapitulation came invariably too late, while by way of compensation the horn in the 3rd movement's recapitulation's dotted semiquaver upbeats always came too early with the demisemiquavers. The principal section's *mezza voce* remained unnoticed. The 13th bar before the *coda* offered one of the many instances of phraseo-unlogical fingering, i.e. the easily avoidable change of position in the violas' semiquaver triplets. The 4th movement's triplet theme (second subject) was throughout unrhythmic.

The Overture wasn't always together and its *Rückführung* (always a supreme moment in Mendelssohn) could have been more magical. To realize the *coda*'s *subito pp* in the Albert Hall is impossible. The *a cappella* singing in the ballet was out of tune. Yet, for reasons probably to be found in this notice's first sentence, the interpretations of these two works were excellently conceived and often brilliantly conducted.

KŘENEK'S ORGAN SONATA (1941)

ORGAN MUSIC SOCIETY: DENIS VAUGHAN

King's College Chapel, 23rd March

SINCE I cannot communicate with the devil, I have to make each particular critic responsible for each particular bad piece he produces, whence I am morally obliged not to conceal its authorship. To think that such procedure signifies extra-artistic "personal" hostility is to drag my attitude down to the level of some of the reactions it arouses. In the present case it is my duty to expose the vacuum behind Felix Aprahamian's programme note: "... in the early nineteen-thirties [Křenek] reverted to atonalism, but of the Schönberg variety. [His] use of twelve-tone technique is extremely free, but it remains for him a guiding principle in composition. [Paragraph:] This sonata, completed in California in 1941, is in a concise *sonata-allegro* form with an interpolated slow section and a scherzo-like finale". The non-committal approach. Is the work written in the twelve-tone technique? Is it not? From the note it appears that it is. In fact it is not. It is tonal. First, Mr. Aprahamian doesn't know. Secondly, he doesn't say that he doesn't know. Thirdly, he takes three-quarters of a wrong chance.

While one bad performance is not enough to judge the Sonata, its crystal-clear texture, its compelling progressions and its strictly structural dynamics (note the end) seem to point to the wholesome influence on tonal techniques of atonal discipline—a development to some extent foreshadowed in Křenek's own *Studies in Counterpoint* (p. ix). For the twelve-tone composer's return to tonality, see Schönberg's "On revient toujours" in *Stimmen* (Berlin), No. 16, and the Schönberg supplement in *Music Survey*, II/4; for a detailed study of "Křenek's Later Music", though unfortunately not of the organ Sonata, see THE MUSIC REVIEW, IX/1.

K.619 AND 49

MOZART CHORAL SOCIETY, WALTER JELLINEK ORCHESTRA

with Ingrid Marshall, Norah Canter, Alexander Young, Norman Platt; c. Jellinek
Cowdray Hall, 24th March

AN audience composed chiefly of the chorus and—with the honourable exception of Scott Goddard—no critic (they were all at the *St. John Passion*) listened to two Mozart rarities: the twelve-year-old's *Missa Brevis* in G and the *Kleine Deutsche Kantate* which Mozart wrote in 1791 for the Third Programme: technical supremacy, melodic nobility and one or two inspirations which as it were smuggle themselves into the score make one

yearn for the mature masterpieces that stand behind it. Jellinek's string-orchestration is in some places inevitably ridiculous, in others tautological, while sometimes one admittedly forgets it. Alexander Young (tenor) sang well both in the Cantata and in the child's Mass, which presents a more complicated task to our emotions. My reactions were the same as Scott Goddard's (*News Chronicle*, 25th March), if his being "profoundly moved" was as painful as mine. "Precocious intuition", he says, "has never been more searchingly expressed than here". Mozart himself, in fact, did not often in his early string quartets (K. 156 and 157 excepted) achieve anything like the presentiment of genius that makes itself felt, shyly but definitely, in the Mass' *galant* soli, as opposed to the "learned" aspects of the work: when Einstein says that the contrasts of the *stilus mixtus* do not stand out so prominently in the *Missae breves* as in the big masses, one has to add that in respect of relative quality and maturity they could hardly stand out more prominently in the present work. Not that any of the *galant* passages are mature, but again and again one feels Mozart coming, only to be shattered by the obvious fact that he never arrives. One has after all assimilated the real Mozart, he has become part of oneself: and now, when one hears his immaturity as it promises maturity, the long and difficult way from immaturity to maturity is compressed, in one's stupid soul, into simultaneity—one's emotional self proceeds in no time to the mature Mozart, while the *Missa Brevis* doesn't. The ensuing feeling of a Sisyphus' task combined with a Tantalus' torment can only be described as profoundly terrible. A sudden contempt fills one for those whose unmusical musicological interests are perfectly satisfied by such a hellish negative of a revelation, who sit there complacently and do not hear that they hear too much and too little. There is a clock in the Cowdray Hall which clicks every 30 seconds. Here, I thought hopefully, was an exquisite punishment for these intellectuals. But then they didn't hear that either.

FESTIVAL OF ISRAELI MUSIC

(SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE STATE OF ISRAEL)

LPO UNDER VAN BEINUM: ALBERT HALL, 17TH APRIL

Oedoen Partos: *Yiskor* (*In Memoriam*) for viola and string orchestra (Frederick Riddle); Paul Ben-Haim: Piano Concerto (Frank Pelleg); Joseph Kaminski: *Comedy Overture*; Joseph Gruenthal: *Exodus*, Choreographic poem for baritone and orchestra (Martin Lawrence)

THE Partos and Ben-Haim are discussed in Peter Gradenwitz's *Israel* article in the "Current Chronicle" of the *Musical Quarterly*, New York, April, 1950; here are a few supplementary observations. The only definite defect of *Yiskor* is a bagatelle which, however, points to a common composer's mistake: the misplaced octave on the viola near the beginning. Its tense effect cannot have been intended, and—contrary to frequent belief—octaves on bowed instruments *don't reinforce*. A far more serious, but at the same time more tentative objection is that the composer, limiting the range of his emotions, seems unable to keep them up: despite the technical interest of his developing surprisingly much out of the Eastern-European-Jewish tune with which the viola opens the piece, he does not avoid monotony even though he attains brevity. My impression may, however, be wrong inasmuch as (1) notwithstanding my being a Jew, I may not have understood everything (the greatest variety of Chinese faces seems monotonous); (2) Riddle may not have understood everything; (3) I did not hear the orchestration: the parts didn't arrive in time from New York and Frank Pelleg had to deputize at the piano. As for the piano Concerto, the last movement is by common consent too long. Gradenwitz does no more than list *Exodus* as "important", but it struck me as the most intense work on an intense programme. There were stretches, such as the *ostinato* build-up (symbolizing Israel's serfdom) before the Prayer for Deliverance as well as the Prayer itself, which reached deep into the mind, and Martin Lawrence sang the Hebrew solo as a religious service, with passionate conviction and an absolute trueness of style: I have never heard him so good.

Remarkable about the extensive eclecticism of all these middle-aged, Europe-born composers is its inexhaustible vitality; if you didn't know the second-hand ideas and styles they so often employ, you'd buy them for new. Sometimes one gets in fact the paradoxical impression that these people hide their originality behind dead-alive techniques. Donald Mitchell remarked to me: "They beat the Russians at their own game". Psychologically interesting, too, that some of them show, in the occidental departments of their store-houses, a predilection for the un-Jewish music of Jewish composers: Mahler, Milhaud.

Why doesn't the Third Programme give us some Israeli music, including perhaps the work of the youngest—Palestine-born or -bred—generation? But then, why did the Israeli pianist Margalit Vogel, in her Wigmore recital on 26th June, play Bach-Beethoven-Schubert-Chopin-Brahms-Debussy-Moussorgsky?

H. K.

GREEK SONG

ON 19th April at the Wigmore Hall, enthusiastically applauded by a large section of the Greek Community in London, Miss Mandikian gave an interesting recital of Greek song from 138 B.C. to the present day. Beginning with the six Delphic Hymns, sung unaccompanied, and two Byzantine chants, she passed from popular airs and Klepht ballads (of which the famous *Lagiarni* was the most moving) to the modern Greek school of composition, where Kalomiris ("the Greek Glinka") is the most representative. Miss Mandikian possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of considerable range and clarity, including beautiful contralto tones, whereby the curious tonality of the folk songs, with their occasionally flattened notes, becomes a vital experience. The repetition of the first Delphic Hymn at the close emphasized the national and musical continuity. It was a Pythian oracle on English soil.

E. H. W. M.

BBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALBERT HALL, 19TH APRIL

FOR his public farewell concert Boult chose to demonstrate both his worst and best characteristics. After a dry and ill-phrased Brahms *Haydn* Variations which was as bad as it might be, we had Elgar's *Falstaff*, refreshing for its unfamiliarity alone, and a Schubert Ninth in which most of the familiar wrong things went impressively right. Those who find Boult just mediocre are wide of the mark either way.

MAHLER'S "DAS LIED VON DER ERDE"

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Albert Hall, 23rd April

"AND now for a damned dreary second half", said the attendant as he showed me to my seat. His dismal prophecy was not fulfilled. Josef Krips directed what proved to be a major performance with minor flaws, although it got off to a bad start with a *Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde* which was only redeemed by Richard Lewis' fine phrasing of "Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod". Some things I have never heard done better (including even the Bruno Walter recording). Notably a perfect *Einsame im Herbst*, for which one must be eternally grateful to Miss Ferrier; the achievement of just the right tempo for the middle-section of *Von der Schönheit (Poco a poco più animato, et seq.)* which made sense of the notes; and a breath-taking "Die liebe Erde" where the *pizzicato* bass on the first beat of the bar together with the resigned dissolution into C major were both deeply experienced by performers and audience alike. It was a pity that Krips did not altogether realize the function of the orchestral interlude in *Der Abschied*: he gave it an oddly diffident and perfunctory reading. Apart from a backward first trumpet, this orchestra came nearer to the true spirit of the music than any of its English colleagues I have yet heard.

D. M.

THE PHILHARMONIA CONCERT SOCIETY

THIS Society, which has made an invaluable effort to provide concerts and recitals of quality for an intelligent and at least partially educated public, still unfortunately betrays too much evidence of severe growing pains. Programmes have been altered and/or cancelled, artists and dates have been changed, not once but more often than one cares to count; and while making full allowance for human fallibility, it is surely not to be denied that such fluctuations and variations should be kept to an absolute minimum.

Schnabel's *Rhapsody* for orchestra provided the novelty at the concert conducted by Paul Kletzki on 27th April; the composer supplied a programme note quoting a "melodic" line from which he claimed that all the subsequent ideas emerged. While admiring the professional competence of the piece, I missed any sense of urgency or even purpose in its seemingly random, kaleidoscopic concatenations—picturesque though some of these were. There followed a performance of Beethoven's violin Concerto in which Kletzki, a fine sensitive musician with the happy knack of kindling the players' enthusiasm, worked wonders with the orchestra while Menuhin seemed more bored with Beethoven's ruminations than one likes to believe so fine an artist could be.

On 22nd May, Furtwängler gave the younger generation some idea of his conception of Wagner and Kirsten Flagstad sang Richard Strauss' *Four Last Songs*. These are beautifully written, in fact their craftsmanship is superb, but they are real old man's music, reminiscent of his earlier glories, and add nothing to our picture of the composer. It has been written elsewhere that on this occasion the Philharmonia Orchestra gave Dr. Furtwängler exactly what he wanted. I contend that it did not. Dennis Brain's horn-playing was as fine as any one will ever hear, but the woodwind and strings did not come within measurable distance of the present-day Vienna Philharmonic. The *Meistersinger Prelude* and *Siegfried Idyll* preceded the Strauss songs which were followed by the *Tristan Prelude* and *Liebestod* and the closing scene from *Die Götterdämmerung*.

On 14th and 20th May recitals were given in the Wigmore Hall by Pierre Bernac and Boris Christoff, each accompanied by Gerald Moore.

Bernac built his recital round Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, with an English group and songs by Duparc, Ravel and Roussel in support. Christoff gave a miscellaneous programme of Caldara, Caccini, Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Borodin and Moussorgsky. The contrast between the two could hardly have been greater.

In imagination, technique, linguistic ability and platform deportment Bernac must have provided an object lesson for all young singers present, and indeed for those of any age who are still prepared to learn. Christoff, of course, lacks experience, for which he cannot be blamed and at present is much happier and more convincing on the operatic stage than on a recital platform. His singing of Moussorgsky's *Song of the Flea* was superb

and quite as unselfconscious as the more classical items had been tentative. I am not

convinced that he fully understood Beethoven's *In questa tomba oscura* or, for that matter, the ubiquitous *Erkönig*; certainly he could not make the audience aware of the full stature of either, a deficiency due, not to lack of voice but perhaps to insufficient preparation and a lack of application to the task of wresting the inmost significance out of the music.

G. N. S.

ALBERT HALL, 11TH MAY: BACH PROGRAMME

AN evening of sheer delight, in which Mosco Carner's analytical programme played an unobtrusive part. Four Bach piano concertos were given, and thanks to the composer-like direction of Edwin Fischer an intimacy descended on the appreciative audience such as might have been deemed impossible in the Albert Hall at any time. One cannot pick and choose, and in saying that Fischer's *cadenza* in the last movement of the A minor is one of the unforgettable things in my musical experience, I am not oblivious of Max Salpeter's and Gareth Morris' rendering of the violin and flute parts, the latter so tricky, nor of Denis Matthews' part in the C major Concerto for two claviers, the finale of which haunted the boy Mendelssohn in the first movement of his piano Sonata in B flat (1827),

as surely as part of the first movement of the A minor reappears with the appearance of the subject starting in G minor in the finale of the *Italian* Symphony. Nor do I forget the third pianist, Ronald Smith, in the C major Concerto for three claviers, or the orchestra's playing here, where we were treated to a repetition of the first movement after all was over. As Fischer gave out the F sharp minor *Siciliano* theme in the A major Concerto (the first played) I found myself wondering if Mozart's sole movement in that key, the *adagio* of K.488, did not derive in some occult manner from it. I had never thought of connecting those two concertos in A major before, and that one could think thus in such a place testifies to a unique experience I shared with a rapturous audience.

E. H. W. M.

COVENT GARDEN

DAS RHEINGOLD: 19TH JUNE

DIE GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG: 26TH JUNE

THE National Press was full of vituperation over the opening chords of the first performance of *Rheingold*—which I did not hear—yet I would wager that this must have been worse. In retrospect it is still harder to believe that any collection of professional musicians could have mangled the common chord of E flat so unmercifully. The orchestral contribution to both *Rheingold* and *Götterdämmerung* fell far short of what I expect from our National Opera House: the brass generally and the horns in particular seemed more interested in home rule than in the dictates of Richard Wagner, the violin tone was always anaemic and wiry, and clarinets and bassoons often contrived to produce more "breath" than music. Neither Dr. Rankl nor any other conductor I have heard has yet been able to obtain first-class results from this orchestra; critics and public have been generous with their patience but a limit must be set. Either we must have a vast improvement with the existing personnel or radical changes must be made. Although the English care little for music and understand opera even less, we must not allow our National Opera to continue as a laughing-stock to our foreign visitors.

So far as Friedrich Schramm's stage interpretation of Wagner is concerned, it is my opinion that far too many questions were begged and too many difficulties shirked. I saw no toad in *Rheingold*, no horse in *Götterdämmerung*; no tyro could have seen that Hagen had killed Gunther, and we were left to imagine how Hagen met his end: the final catastrophe affords a wonderful opportunity for an imaginative producer to exercise his ingenuity, but I can remember more impressive pyrotechnics and stage-business in provincial pantomime of 25 years ago than the pitifully clumsy and feeble pretence of a cataclysm provided by the Covent Garden effects department. It would have been far better to drop the curtain as Brünnhilde disappeared upstage . . . , and did not Schramm think it necessary to show us Brünnhilde throwing herself into the flames? By no means all the audience could be assumed to be familiar with the story.

This must be sufficient to show that the general standard of these performances, taken as a whole, was disgraceful. But the tedium was relieved, from time to time, by occasional bright patches of which the trio concluding act II of *Götterdämmerung* stood in a class alone. Here Flagstad, Schöffler and Weber pulled the performance on to the highest plane and showed us the real Wagner. Of the rest of the cast Svanholm (Loge, Siegfried), Constance Shacklock (Fricka; First Norn and Flosshilde in *Götterdämmerung*) and Edith Coates (Waltraute) maintained a standard that was never less than acceptable, but Andreas Böhm made a disappointing Wotan and Grahame Clifford lacks the voice for Alberich.

GLYNDEBOURNE

COSÌ FAN TUTTÈ: 7TH JULY

DIE ENTFÜHRUNG AUS DEM SERAIL: 8TH JULY

THAT eleven years should have passed since Carl Ebert and Fritz Busch last directed a Mozart opera season at Glyndebourne provides in itself some measure of man's folly in going to war. Glyndebourne was unique and still is: but both these productions, and

especially *Così*, made concessions to a public assumed (probably correctly) to be ignorant, —concessions which, a decade ago, would have been neither suggested nor tolerated. There was too much preliminary prodding in the ribs; just as irritating as some of Beethoven's dreary preparations for launching his least subtle symphonic bombshells, and lacking the latter's defence of authenticity. We do not want too many or too obvious producer's warnings every time something funny or otherwise significant is going to happen; unsolicited audience-reaction is far more satisfying, however much may escape the modern listener whose wits have been dulled by cheap education.

In many respects, though, these performances were most rewarding. Sena Jurinac's Fiordiligi and Endre Koréh's Osmin were in the highest class; the former for its fine fusion of dramatic urgency and musical power (particularly in the second act), the latter for its boisterously vindictive ill humour and intelligent delineation of character: a far finer performance than he gave in Waniek's Salzburg production in 1948. The vaudeville centering round the wine-bottles in the last act of *Entführung* (Tochter, Mutter, Grossmutter) and culminating in Osmin's sampling the contents of the watering-can was brilliantly executed and his final disgusted expostulation, "Wasser!", rightly brought down the house. Unfortunately, as so often in pre-war years, there was one member of each cast who failed to reach the requisite standard: Richard Lewis (Ferrando) never seemed at ease on the stage and appeared unduly self-conscious in his Albanian disguise; what he gave was a rather mannered concert-recital in fancy dress, while his singing, contrary to all the rest, failed utterly to come to life. A glance at *The Radio Times* showed that he was combining his Glyndebourne appearances with broadcasting engagements. Could not the management engage their artists on exclusive contracts in the future and thus obviate any such division of energies? Nor could Ilse Hollweg be said to have mastered the difficulties of the part of Constanze: these are very real. She had considerable trouble with "*Martern aller Arten*", as also did the orchestra which otherwise played admirably both evenings; it is not easy to endure this part with much more personality than one associates with a stuffed dummy, certainly Miss Hollweg will not succeed until she acquires more freedom of movement on the stage and creates an impression of being quite at home there. Alda Noni made a first-rate Blondchen and a fully adequate Despina, Erich Kunz a superb Guglielmo with an ebullient bravado appropriately bordering on the ridiculous, and Blanche Thebom (Dorabella) almost always succeeded in moderating her voice to suit the small theatre. Mario Borriello sang consistently well, though one might not agree with his portrayal of Don Alfonso. This elderly philosopher did not appear elderly or particularly philosophical: he was benign where he might have been cynical and this Alfonso's personality lacked the stature and dignity which the writer believes essential to a right balance within the operatic framework. Murray Dickie (Pedrillo) and Anton Walbrook (Bassa Selim) each gave performances that could not be easily improved, and Richard Holm made as much as one can expect of the part of Belmonte.

Most of the press reports have either implied or stated outright that this Glyndebourne season attained a standard equal to 1939. It most certainly did not; no-one can be more aware of this than the organizers, and it is sheer dishonesty for responsible journalists to mislead their younger readers. Compare, for example, Rolf Gérard's kitschy sets for both operas with Caspar Neher's magnificent solid sets for Verdi's *Macbeth*.

But it is a miracle in these frustrating, utilitarian days that Mr. Christie has been able to revive Mozart opera at Glyndebourne. What is more, both these performances were thoroughly healthy in constitution, quite the best opera seen in England for eleven years—apart from the visit of the Vienna State and perhaps the Cambridge Theatre *Rigoletto*, and they showed abundant promise for future seasons. May there be many.

G. N. S.

Book Reviews

The Italian Madrigal. By Alfred Einstein. Translated by Alexander H. Krappe, Roger H. Sessions, and Oliver Strunk. Three volumes, pp. xvi + 888 and xxx + 333. (Princeton U.P.; London: Cumberlege.) 1949. Ten guineas.

It is a curious and interesting paradox that one of the most obvious prerequisites for work of ultimate value in any field of research should be remarkable chiefly for its rarity. No assumption is more common than that the specialist inevitably commands self-discipline to a degree which forbids the possibility of his delineating a theory or hypothesis in advance of sufficiently adduced evidence. Yet it will be transparent to anyone of tolerably wide reading—and this observation extends to fields so various as literary and historical criticism, psychological medicine, and musicology—that a disposition to theorize beyond the actualities of evidence does in fact vitiate many contributions which are otherwise free from any disfigurement of scholarship. It is seldom indeed that the student of history encounters so extreme an instance as the Coulton-Gasquet controversy, but the corpus of psychological research, in particular, embodies disturbing examples of an inclination to dismiss as exceptional (or even to set aside as irrelevant) any case-material whose citation would seem to threaten the general validity of a thesis. This is not to deny that there must always be healthy and reasonable differences in the interpretation of evidence, as distinct from the constant duty to give it recognition, nor necessarily to resist Trevelyan's point that "Dispassionateness—*nil admirari*—may betray the most gifted historian into missing some vital truth in his subject". But it would require more than boldness to assert that musicologists have never flinched from the total implications of *data* in their desire to conform an argument, or to subdue an element intractable to neatness of theory, and it is impossible not to be correspondingly impressed by a treatise which conveys the findings of invaluable scholarship through the strictest medium of exposition and commentary.

The three volumes of *The Italian Madrigal* represent the fruition of broad and intensive research during a period of some forty years. The author's achievement in an investigation ranging from the late fifteenth century to the middle of the seventeenth century extends far beyond the assembly and co-ordination of material, largely rediscovered or previously unknown, whose wealth provides for the first time a complete basis upon which the Italian madrigal and its relative forms can be studied. He was faced with the preliminary task of clearing from the field the inaccuracies bequeathed by social historians, and the much more onerous necessity of bridging formidable gaps which these historians (mainly through sheer lack of access to relevant documents) had too often been compelled to leave. Einstein was confronted further with the urgent duty, which no author had hitherto accomplished, of classifying the extant musicological literature wherever it had even an indirect bearing upon the far-reaching intricacies of his theme. These were merely some of the fundamentals underlying the vast enterprise of obtaining and transcribing material from infinitely varied sources, the evolution of a survey conceived on the broadest cultural and historical lines, and an unceasing regard for the relationship between music and poetry without which, as the author himself is at great pains to stress, it would have been impossible for a treatise of this kind genuinely to fulfil its aim.

The schematic design of the first two volumes is textual, though musical illustrations (and excellently reproduced portraits) are abundant, while the third volume is devoted to a golden treasury of ninety-seven complete compositions extending from about 1470 to 1650. The textual scheme must be mentioned here at least in bare outline if any indication is to be obtained of its scope and of the composers whose carefully arranged sequence now reveals, at long last, their proper order in the development of the madrigal. The initial sections are concerned with delimitation of the subject, the growing nationalism

through which the heritage of the fifteenth century was transformed, and the antecedent significance of the *frottola*. Einstein makes short work of the legend that a connection can be argued between the madrigal of the Trecento and that of the early Cinquecento. The crucial origins from which the madrigal arose are traced through disintegration of *frottola* style involving the metamorphosis of accompanied song with a supporting bass and two inner voices into motet-like polyphonic construction with four parts of equal importance. The ensuing sections embrace the work of the first madrigalists—Verdelot, Costanzo Festa, and Arcadelt—an exhaustive consideration of the relationship between poetry and the madrigal, and the position of music in sixteenth century aesthetics. The study of the early madrigal finds its culmination in the art of Willaert who was to exercise so profound an influence upon the succeeding generation. This is followed by an exploration of the lighter forms, with a section of particular interest on the Neapolitan *Canzon Villanesca*, and Einstein's handling of the post-classic madrigal is memorable, above all, for a brilliantly conceived treatment of the remarkable and revolutionary Cipriano de Rore. His second volume opens with the three great Oltremontani—Orlando di Lasso, Filippo di Monte, and Giaches de Wert—and proceeds to the rise of virtuosity in the pastoral and dramatic madrigal with especial regard to the contribution of Andrea Gabrieli. An examination of the new *canzonetta*, and the composers essentially concerned to further that development, is rounded off by a brief but succinct note upon evolutionary changes in harmonic style. The summit is reached with a lengthy and vividly illuminating discussion of the great virtuosi: Marenzio, Gesualdo, Monteverdi, and Marco da Gagliano. Einstein's ultimate chapters include an absorbing conspectus of secular music in its various aspects as social entertainment, and the conclusion of the main study appears on the horizon with Monteverdi and the "Madrigale Concertato".

The exacting responsibilities of the translators are fulfilled with a care and conscience highly creditable to themselves, and with results which are nearly always agreeable to the reader. It is clear, however, that at times they have met the dilemma of having to choose between literal preservation of the sense at a sacrifice of stylistic grace, and on every such occasion they are perfectly right to regard sense as more vital than euphony. A conspicuous and by no means isolated instance arises during a passage concerned with Petrucci's *frottola* books where Einstein's translators have no choice but to deliver his meaning as "musical-erotic arsenal" which for sheer awkwardness could scarcely be surpassed. Even if this demur can be shrugged aside as cavil, it is less easy to take a similar line with the problem of freedom that seems inherent in the following sentences (not apparently specified as conjectural) relating to the wedding of the hereditary prince of Ferrara:

"We may suppose that Tromboncino was also the composer of the *frotola di speranza* sung after an allegorical love scene by a 'musica di barbari mantuani'. The wedding of the hereditary prince of Ferrara with the daughter of Alexander VI was one of the most brilliant festivities of a time rich in festivities, and the musician called in to collaborate must have enjoyed great repute. Thanks to this call, no doubt, he was easily restored to the favour which he had lost in Mantua a short time before (1501), presumably as the result of a prank."

Nothing could seem more likely than this hypothetical course of events, but Einstein is at extraordinary pains elsewhere to declare himself whenever no procedure remains open except speculation, and he seems entitled in this instance to the benefit of any doubt about an effect of too flexible reasoning. We may compare the frankness of his statement that "about the lives of Verdelot, Festa, and Arcadelt we know even less than we do about Tromboncino and Cara. Documents are all but entirely lacking, and we shall repeatedly be forced to resort to conjecture". There is no question here of apparent theorizing ahead of evidence: the reader is warned in the plainest terms that conjecture is an inescapable necessity. Moreover, Einstein's habitual caution throughout these volumes impels him to underline those occasions—they are remarkably few—on which *lacunae* occur in his collected material or where he has discovered himself in actual error.

Clearly the author has needed every line of his considerable space for Italy, and can claim an ample warrant for little more than a passing glance at correlative developments,

but even a scanty reference to the English madrigalists might well have been less ambiguous (not to say unintentionally misleading) than the following:

"Toward 1580, the Italian madrigal, the Italian *canzone da ballo*, penetrates Elizabethan England, conquering it at the first assault and producing, among the contemporaries of Shakespeare, an artistic flowering such as, in the field of music, England has never seen, before or since."

It is by no means clear from the foregoing that the Italian madrigal, whatever the effect of its initial impulse upon English composers, must be regarded fundamentally as a point of departure for profoundly original developments in England which cannot be conceived in any sense as the fruit of conquest.

The musical fascination of these volumes is so great, and their contents afford so rich a storehouse of treasure, that it would require a commentary of similar length to do approximate justice to the author's achievement. Nor does the problem of selection become less acute when one turns to the individual sections, for Einstein's observations on Marenzio (to cite but one of many instances) are in themselves deserving of pursuit in the closest detail, and it is fortunate indeed that the reader is under no compulsion to take so arbitrary a course as the reviewer. But the quality of reward that awaits the student is exemplified in such pages as those which deal with the Morgan Library Print—a unique possession—consisting of motets and secular compositions bearing the title *Motetti e canzone, Libro primo* (c. 1521) though neither the date nor publisher can be determined with certainty, but still in its original binding with four prints of Andrea Antico dating from 1521. And with regard to Einstein's consistently secure handling of that long procession of composers under his survey, it may seem that seldom if ever has any author delineated so clearly the contrast between the young and the old Palestrina while sustaining the point that, whatever musical changes can be observed, his nature remained aloof, neutralizing and almost timorous despite the impression left upon contemporaries by compositions such as *Io son ferito ah! lasso* (1561) and *Vestiva i colli* (1566).

Yet the significance of these pages is unquestionably surpassed by the extensive and profound observations on the work of Cipriano de Rore which is viewed here for the first time in true perspective. It is not only that Rore (whom Einstein compares with Monteverdi as a pioneer) was an epoch-making innovator in the field of harmony during the second part of his creative career, that is to say, after 1550, nor even principally that with Rore the five-voiced madrigal becomes the norm.

"The greater part of Rore's madrigals grow out of the subjective urge of a powerfully inspired soul and as such are wholly his own, just as the *Moses* or the *Tombs of the Cappella Medici* are Michelangelo's, the only master to whom Rore may be compared both in character and in influence: in character, as a master of dark and deep emotion, intensified means, and compelling expression; in influence, as one who brought violently to a close the classical age of the madrigal, the age of innocence which, without him, might have gone on and on, and as one who opened a new age, more self-confident, shaken by more vehement contrasts."

It is to the wonderful examples of Rore's art that the reader may turn most eagerly during his exploration of the musical riches which comprise the third volume. It must be said of Einstein's approach that the reproduction of the music throughout this volume lays claim to absolute fidelity in all essential points, that the poetic text has not been modernized, and that his unwillingness to dispense with certain of the old clefs—soprano, alto, and tenor—is due to the inconvenience arising from the use of a great many ledger lines (particularly in regard to the alto clef) and the reading of a perpetual transposition when the tenor clef has been eliminated. Here he allows himself to add a neat hit almost impossible for any author to resist in similar circumstances:

"It must be said that this book addresses itself to musicians and that the musician who is unable to read the three older clefs that have been retained will also be unable to read a modern score or even the score of a string quartet."

The illustrious array of compositions includes five which show Rore's expressive genius at its highest, two gems by Marenzio, and two by da Gagliano, but of course it is a purely

personal matter whether or no one prefers to investigate their beauty before making the closely systematic study which the collection as a whole demands from the musician at his leisure. The marvel is not that this great task took forty years for Einstein to accomplish, but that he has erected such a monument of scholarship in less than a lifetime.

R. H.

THE TEACHING OF HARMONY

Harmony. By Walter Piston. Pp. vi + 344. (Gollancz.) 1950. 15s.

The Oxford Harmony. Vol. II. By H. K. Andrews. Pp. vii + 241. (O.U.P.) 1950. 15s.

The academic study of harmony has passed through many different phases during the last three and a half centuries. Albrechtsberger (1736-1809) evidently regarded the study of harmony (as opposed to counterpoint) as almost exclusively the art of keyboard-playing from thoroughbass, which included for him the harmonic analysis of a score, if only for the purpose of discovering the fundamental sequence of chords to be played under the overgrowth of instrumental figuration. Later teachers can be divided roughly into two classes: those who sought for an acoustic basis of the chords in common use and those who merely directed students as to what chords were allowable and what forbidden. The two books before us, one from Harvard and one from Oxford, represent a more modern outlook on the whole problem. The two authors are both agreed that harmony can no longer be analysed or codified on an acoustic basis, that is to say, on the theory that all chords can be derived from the natural harmonics of some single sounding note. We can no longer justify the use of the dominant seventh without preparation on the plea that the seventh is a natural harmonic; we have honestly to admit that the harmonic seventh is "out of tune" and has never been accepted as a note of the orthodox scale. The great achievement of Ebenezer Prout was to work out a system of harmonic analysis by which every possible combination of the twelve notes of the octave could be classified as a chord derived from a tonic, dominant or supertonic; but teachers of to-day find it simpler and more natural to say, as both Professor Piston and Dr. Andrews do, that chords are the result of contrapuntal melodic movement. Some of the earlier theorists, starting from Rameau, tried to regard every chord as an entity in its own right, independent of its rhythmical position. Harvard and Oxford have now begun to realize, though somewhat dimly, the fact that harmony, in practice, cannot be studied apart from rhythm. It is possible that both would reply that the rhythmical aspect of harmony lay outside the scope of their books. Neither of them, not even Andrews, whose historical range is a good deal wider than Piston's, seems to have grasped that the classical key-system is the result of rhythmical tendencies.

Piston limits himself rigorously to music of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. He does not set out to trace historical origins at all; his book is severely practical, and it is astonishing what a large amount of information he packs into his pages. He formulates no rules, he makes no attempt to direct the pupil's taste; he is not concerned at all with the teaching of composition. He is in private life a very distinguished composer of decidedly modern tendency, but he is not concerned with bridging the gulf between the music of yesterday and to-day. He simply states facts and analyses the common practice of the classical and romantic centuries. For each chord and each progression he gives us first the skeleton formula and then an example from real music, taken generally from music which in earlier years was considered rather startling. A student will often find that it needs some analytical concentration to discover the identity between the formula and the elaboration of it by Chopin, Wagner or Brahms. This is all to the good; Piston means to make his students think.

The Oxford book covers much the same ground on much the same principles, as far as the classification of chords goes and the codification of their orthodox progressions and resolutions. The musical examples are taken from a much wider range; they go back to Tallis and Palestrina and look as far forward as Ravel and Vaughan Williams. There is

also a considerable difference in the exercises provided. Piston says firmly—he is always very firm and clear in everything he says—

"As yet, one cannot define a common twentieth-century practice. Hence the aim of this book is to present as concisely as possible the harmonic common practice of composers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Rules are announced as observations reported, without attempt at their justification on aesthetic grounds or as laws of nature. The written exercises should be performed as exemplifications of the common practice of composers and not as efforts in creative composition."

Andrews begins his book where Piston is about half way through. The more elementary study of harmony with which Piston begins has already been treated in *The Oxford Harmony*, Vol. I,* by the late R. O. Morris, which was published several years ago. The first chord treated by Andrews is the major common chord on the supertonic. Here we see at once the difference between our two authors; Andrews professes to be as "objective" as Piston and to lay down no old-fashioned "rules", but he always has composition in view and (like Morris) the formation of the student's taste.

"Chapters XIII to XIX (two-fifths of the book) deal with the application of theoretical knowledge to the actual writing of music. Of necessity examination requirements have had to be kept in view to a considerable extent, but in some universities examination questions are no longer either merely pedantic or completely unmusical; they are sometimes even excellent and musically preliminary exercises in composition."

As a long-retired examiner I read the above sentence with a full understanding of all its implications. The said chapters XIII to XIX tell us in fact how to answer Oxford examination papers in music. And that brings us to the fundamental problem which ought to lie heavy on the conscience of every University Professor of Music: what is the course of study which will promote the highest interests of our musical community? In old days the title of Bachelor of Music was a useful asset to a would-be church organist and the course was designed to that end. Nowadays the church organist is the least important product of our University schools of music; our students mostly hope to pursue very different careers. It is obvious that we cannot plan a course for the Waltons and the Blisses; they go their own way, and we teachers must be indeed thankful if only one or two real composers pass through our hands. We have to teach the average student to be of service to the modern community and hope that we may be able to teach him to be a missionary of music and a man who in every branch of musical life—theatre, cinema, school or library—will be a leader and contribute something valuable towards the general raising of musical standards. Will these examination papers promote that?

Readers of these two books may amuse themselves with trying to deduce from the examples quoted what are the respective musical backgrounds of their authors and who are their favourite composers. Professor Piston is careful not to give himself away; Dr. Andrews does so on almost every page. It is certainly to his credit that he wishes to trace harmony back to the sixteenth century, but his knowledge of sixteenth century music seems to be limited to church music, apart from a few English madrigals. If he had revered Palestrina and Tallis a little less, and enjoyed Marenzio and Wilbye a good deal more, he would have formed very different judgments on the harmony of that century. In the seventeenth century his examples are mainly from sacred music. His favourite composer is obviously J. S. Bach, and here again it is the church and organ music that he knows best. On the other hand he is evidently a staunch Wagnerite, though Liszt and Berlioz seem rather outside his orbit. He overflows into the twentieth century, mainly for the sake of Elgar (sacred music again) and the earlier Vaughan Williams. Piston leaves the moderns severely alone; Andrews would rather like to be modern, but not too modern. Is Oxford still "the home of lost causes"? I prefer to venerate it as the home of erudition.

The mention of lost causes brings me to a curious inconsistency shown by the examination papers. Some of the problems set are instrumental, some vocal. Apparently it is taken for granted that all instrumental music will be written in regular bars, like classical

* For review by Edmund Rubbra see Vol. IX, p. 55 [Ed.].

music; but vocal music, especially choral, is to hover among bars of irregular lengths, 2/4, 3/4, 4/4, 5/4, etc., at haphazard.

This is to some extent explained by Dr. Andrews' occasional references to "the tyranny of the bar-line". Was it really such a "tyranny"? Did Bach, Beethoven or Brahms feel it as such? I am well acquainted with many modern editions of sixteenth-century music in which the barring is irregular, based on the supposition that a bar-line always means a strong accent; but my own experience of madrigal singing is that madrigals are far easier to sing from the old-fashioned common time editions, provided that one sings them intelligently, with a careful understanding of the words, and with the understanding that bar-lines are merely a guide to the eye and have no more real existence than lines of longitude and latitude on a map. It is largely these modern madrigal reprints, and also the remains of the folksong movement (with some of the plainsong movement thrown in) that have led to this boneless style of composing present-day (I cannot say "modern"!) part-songs and so forth. Does Oxford still cling to what a modern composer friend of mine calls the "bogus modal" style?

Both of our authors seem a little hazy as to the origins of the Neapolitan Sixth. That chord begins as the natural harmonization of the flat supertonic of the "Phrygian" scale characteristic of South Italian (Neapolitan and still more Sicilian) folksong. It is discussed at some length in my life of Alessandro Scarlatti (p. 146 ff.) and a very characteristic *aria alla siciliana* is printed there in full, showing that it is in origin melodic. Later composers used it as a standard effect of harmony. By the time of Schubert it is so well known that it can be used in root position and also in the second inversion. Some of the other chromatic chords discussed in these books can be regarded as derived from it by analogy; just as any note of the scale may be sharpened into a temporary leading-note to the note above it, so we might say (pursuing Piston's principle a little further) that any note may be flattened into the melodic note of the Neapolitan sixth. Thus the A flat which is the second bass note in Debussy's Quartet in G minor (Andrews, p. 81) might be regarded as a note flattened in this way, and this is corroborated by the A flat of the first violin in the same bar; it is a "Phrygianism". Turning over the page, we find the same idea in the *Largo* of Dvořák's *New World* Symphony; it looks puzzling because of the notation, but let us write it a semitone higher, and the melody becomes D, E flat, D, and the second chord the first inversion of the chord on A flat. To harmonize E flat as a Neapolitan sixth we should need G as bass; but what we have is a Neapolitan sixth to G, the subdominant. This may seem a forced explanation, but it does suggest a reason why that second chord has a sort of "Neapolitan" effect on the ear.

The diminished seventh is another chord which invites a more historical treatment. It appears in A. Scarlatti very conspicuously as a chord of ecstasy or agony, nearly always prolonged as a climax immediately before a final cadence. The example quoted by Dr. Andrews from Bach's *Chromatic Fantasia* (Ex. 222), which he calls a series of transitions to various keys, is really just a chain of diminished sevenths moving down by semitones over a pedal; it anticipates the similar chains (though not necessarily on pedals) found in Weber, Berlioz and Chopin, hinting at what Alaleona used to call *la tonalità dello stupore*. With Mozart the chord is used much more as a passing chord for mere colour's sake, the pair of notes which move upwards acting as temporary leading-notes to the next. Spohr's chromaticism is just an exaggeration of Mozart, and from Spohr came the sentimental use of the chord which so shocks Dr. Andrews. (I feel obliged to stand up for my old music-master Barnby!) Dr. Andrews will find copious examples of this in the male-voice music of Schubert. In recent times the chord has come to be regarded as positively forbidden. Dr. Andrews is no doubt correct (following Prout) in regarding that chord in the Barnby example (Ex. 17, p. 12) as a supertonic minor ninth wrongly spelt, but it is more easily explained on Piston's system of temporary leading notes, and it is most difficult for the ear to feel it as rooted in the supertonic. The harmony of Chopin, Liszt and late Wagner is certainly more reasonably explained on Piston's principles of leading-notes and *appoggiature* induced by contrapuntal movement. A fuller study of seventeenth century harmony would have helped to explain many curious

progressions of the following centuries; but our two authors would reasonably reply that that lay outside their scope, and it would indeed have necessitated a whole volume to itself. Students will find both of these books pretty stiff reading, but in either case it is well worth their while to make the effort.

L'esperienza musicale e l'estetica. By Massimo Mila. Pp. 193. (Giulio Einaudi.) 1950. L.800.

This book appears to be made up from various reviews of books and communications to congresses; if the reader has not read the books in question, he is at least saved the trouble of reading them. The author admits that a good deal of his work was written "in a period of particular philosophical intoxication" and some of the books reviewed seem to have suffered from the same sort of metaphysical tipsiness. The Italian language tends naturally to verbosity, and that is increased by the practice of journalism, so we must not expect to have ideas expressed with the maximum of clarity and the minimum of words. All the same, Massimo Mila is fundamentally a clear-headed thinker with plenty of sceptical commonsense, qualities in which the writers discussed seem more than usually deficient.

The central feature of this book is a couple of papers forming prologue and epilogue to a congress of music critics held at Florence in May, 1948, on the subject of "the language of contemporary music". Mila, leading off the congress, did his best to induce the speakers to realize clearly what they meant by "the language" of music; music, he pointed out, was a "language" in so far as one could analyse its grammar and syntax, but it was not "semantic" in the sense that it had words which conveyed ideas; its "words" were the musical sounds and nothing else. Subsequent speakers, however, seem to have allowed the discussion to have degenerated, as one might expect, into a general abuse of contemporary music, one critic proclaiming that the highest summit of inspiration had been reached by Bellini. Throughout the book we see that Mila writes for Italian readers. The enormous majority of Italian music-lovers have no background but opera, and the old favourites at that; the "intellectuals" are a very small minority, and have gone to the opposite extreme of dodecaphony and atonalism. The gulf between the public and the young composers is far wider than it is in England, perhaps because our own young composers are mostly less *doctrinaire* in their modernity.

Mila is a critic of to-day, but he discreetly avoids proclaiming allegiance to any particular school; in fact this book gives us no clue as to what modern works he really admires and believes in. He is a critic of to-day, and the man of to-day, as he says himself, is a man of hesitations and uncertainties. He quotes Stravinsky: "how can we possibly expect music to express feelings, dramatic situations, or to imitate nature?" Stravinsky's refusal to be expressive shows, he says, that he is secretly grieved at his inability to give way to the confident *abandon* of the romantics, and at the same time secretly proud of it. And is not this, too, human nature? Are only Othello and Francesca da Rimini human, and not Hamlet, Faust and Don Quixote? We may not like modern music, but it is the natural consequence of modern conditions of life. But in any case this deliberate rejection of "feeling" does not mean utter impersonality; Mila cites Casella's *Scarlattiana* and *Paganiniana* as those which represent his most human personality, just as Bach's least "expressive" and most "technical" works, the *Art of Fugue* and the *Well-tempered Clavier*, express his personality, in spite of himself. Philip Emmanuel and John Christian make every effort to be "expressive", but reveal only very insignificant personalities.

The subconscious expression of personality is what Mila seems to value most highly in music; but he admits that it is indefinable and unanalysable. In a later chapter he discusses the problem of the executant's liberty of interpretation; after several pages of logical hairsplitting, one is thankful to find him saying that all we can ask is, is the result beautiful or ugly? After all, what is "music"? It is not the printed page; we are all agreed on that; but is it the sounds, or the effect of the sounds on the hearer's mind? The concert pianist, he reminds us, is merely an accidental phenomenon of our own time; in mediaeval days the public reciter of poetry must have been an equally subjective and

personal interpreter. This leads one to suppose that Mila's musical ideal would be a purely silent reading of music by an ideally competent reader, and recalls to the present writer certain *séances* in Kensington many years ago at which the late Sir Arthur Somervell used to conduct Beethoven's symphonies with a purely imaginary orchestra before an "audience" of devotees silently reading miniature full scores. E. J. D.

THE STUDY OF BALLET

Complete Book of Ballets. By Cyril W. Beaumont. Pp. xxii + 1104. Revised edn. (Putnam.) 1950. 30s.

Dances of England and France. By Mabel Dolmetsch. Pp. xii + 163. (Routledge.) 1949. 42s.

The Art of Ballet. By Audrey Williamson. Pp. 194. (Elek.) 1950. 12s. 6d.

Modern English Ballet. By Fernau Hall. Pp. 340. (Melrose.) 30s.

These four books deal in their several interesting ways with many facets of the history of Theatre Dance; between them they assemble an amazing quantity of information and—it must be admitted—some amazing interpretations of the meaning of that information. This century's developments in the art of Theatre Dance have led to a revival which places this art in the forefront of theatrical interest to-day; this revival has inevitably brought about an increase in the output of the literature of Dancing and these four works under review represent the three main viewpoints found amongst contemporary balletographers.

Mr. Beaumont is the historian working diligently with old documents, earlier publications, collections of memoirs and theatre records, out of which he has assembled an almost full catalogue of the ballets created throughout Europe over a period of nearly a century and a half. The details of information, about casts, music, production method, contemporary critical reception, etc., are on a scale not found in any other work about a past period. The *Complete Book of Ballets* is a reprint of the edition issued in 1937; in 1942 the author compiled a supplement which added information about some early choreographers and dealt with a further fifty ballets of this century. The present issue of the early work—an out-of-print rarity for ten years—should surely have justified the incorporation of the 1942 supplement into the main volume.

Mrs. Dolmetsch's book—a very valuable publication—suffers from the excessive claims made on its behalf by its publishers (its sub-title runs: "with their music and authentic manner of performance"), and the claim is made that from a study of contemporary treatises on fifteenth and sixteenth century dancing the author has been able to revive them in their authentic form. The primary meaning of "authentic" is—of undisputed origin, genuine, and a great deal of research remains to be undertaken in the history of pre-balletic dance before anyone can claim an indisputable authenticity for a reconstruction of any form of social or theatre dance which existed earlier than the year 1600. Some instances: there is a confusion about the different floor-tracks of bransles and farandole: a figure of the galliard is noted as finishing in a position which is all but physically impossible for anyone to achieve: the very strong differences between French and Italian steps and movement-styles are not always taken into account in evaluating certain dance-figures: some of the etymological assumptions—about the derivation of the names of "pavane" and "turquylonye"—are not justified by a comparison with the other literature of mediaeval dancing. The distinctions between *bransles simples* and *bransles doubles* do not emerge very clearly in this book; and the style of gesture, and conventional hand positions for certain dances, are given in categorical rulings without enough contemporary evidence being called in to justify them. Two interesting source documents—Douce 280, Bodleian and Harley 367, British Museum—do not seem to have been consulted. Arbeau's *Orchesographie* is extensively referred to, and there is much of value in this primitive document on fifteenth century French dancing: but Arbeau wrote when he was an old man, making an attempt (and a very good attempt) at the earliest form of scientific treatise on a subject. He was nearly seventy and much of his account was

written up from recollections of events seen in his youth, through the golden haze of time and distance. Arbeau, like Noverre, needs to be interpreted, and not merely read, by the twentieth century balletographer using him as a source of information.

Twenty years ago *Dances of England and France* would have been a striking contribution to mediaeval dance studies; to-day its findings plus its assumptions have to be correlated with the parallel researches of such figures as George Chaffee in America, Dr. Artur Michel in pre-Nazi Germany and Melusine Wood in England. Not all these scholars work exclusively on mediaeval dance history, but their method of *thorough* research, not only into dance documents but also into studies of ancient fiction, poetry, music, social codes, philosophies and politics, is the only method whereby we shall establish—ultimately—hard-and-fast rules and methods about the dancing of our ancestors.

Neither Miss Williamson nor Mr. Hall have undertaken any elaborate research into primitive documents, and such literary references as occur have been used—though with different emphasis—by other writers earlier in this field. Both their books are concerned with offering a valuation of the contemporary scene of Ballet. Miss Williamson presents a tightly-written sketch of the first three centuries of Ballet's history, then devotes the rest of her book to estimates of several components of, and classifications of Ballet as seen to-day. In so narrow a space it is inevitable that any writer has to condense unduly the backgrounds to the several aspects of the art discussed; but the author would have produced a sounder piece of work—and one worthy of complete dissection—had she set herself the task of attempting a dispassionate assessment of what goes on to-day in the world of Ballet. Her tendency to measure too many achievements by their correspondence with, or deviation from, the interesting creative and interpretive work of Robert Helpmann, is too restrictive a harnessing of her critical imagination.

Mr. Hall has written, with much investigation of recent and contemporary documentation, about the present-day position and worth of English Ballet. In comparison with the general run of works on the subject, it is contentious, imaginative, bristling with healthy prejudices; the author has worked in Ballet, both as a dancer and a technician, and brings a sharp awareness of the dancer's viewpoint into his dissections and disputations on what has brought about the present century's revival of this art. He is aware of the need to measure the worth of any stage of artistic development by reference to the health of the society producing that art—too much writing on the arts of the Theatre in recent years conveys the idea that "Art" is something happening in a vacuum, and bearing no kind of relationship to the economics, politics, religious intensities and moral codes of either the creators or the consumers of art. I find myself in disagreement with most of his prejudices concerning, for instance, the development of Ballet in Russia in the nineteenth century: his deductions from Noverre, as applied to contemporary artistic standards in ballet-making; his estimates of choreographers, dancers and teachers who are contributing to modern Ballet. (This section would have been the most impressive in the book had the author listed—and evaluated, of course—all the choreographers, dancers, technicians, teachers, directors who are influencing the growth of the art to-day within the English scene.) But the book does make an interesting and unconventional analysis of why Ballet happens to-day in this country; had the author traced the social and artistic growth back to the eleventh century (a task awaiting its first English author on this subject matter), and derived his conclusions from a complete historical conspectus, he might have produced the most valuable piece of English balletography of the present decade.

At a time when this art enjoys such a fantastic popularity, and when much published writing is of very facile quality, it seems more than ever desirable that the literature of Ballet should be stringently evaluated by the highest standards. The number of books surveying the contemporary situation which have appeared since 1935 is very high; their content, generally, a series of regurgitations of source material derived without acknowledgment from the one or two earlier authors who did some research into the subject. Time's heavy hand will doubtless carry out its usual efficient winnowing. Meanwhile the only scale of measurement that seems of any use is to establish how far

any new work bears signs of original research into that enormous reservoir of source material which so few contemporary authors have drawn from. A few very short years from now these four books will fall into proper perspective beside the writings of everyone from Riquier to Levinson, from Toulouze to Sachs; the survivors will—inevitably—be those which bear the results of alert intelligence applied to novel facts and theories concerning the whole art of Dancing.

A. V. C.

Northern Indian Music. By Alain Daniélou. Volume I. Pp. 163. (Christopher Johnson.) 1950. 25s.

Not until the second volume of M. Daniélou's book appears will it be possible adequately to assess its merits and decide upon its value. Both will probably turn out to be great. For though there will inevitably be points on which Eastern musicians will cavil it is the interpretation of facts rather than the presentation of those facts that, since this is a matter of opinion, may provide material for discussion. The facts—mainly to do with the precise measurement of intervals—are verifiable by reference to slide-rule and log-table. The unscientific reader may, indeed must, take such things on trust and is the more willing to do so in this instance because of the author's sensible manner which eschews those romantic glosses so beloved of the more easy-going traveller explaining Eastern music to us, and doubtless used with the same grim effect by us as we explain our music to the East. M. Daniélou keeps as far from this as did Fox Strangways, though like him he knows the true poetic basis of this music and can bring his reader close enough to it for the enrichment of understanding. The music of India and Pakistan is for the Western enquirer a tantalizing problem. To study this music demands a feat of balance between the arid wastes of mathematical calculation and the muddy swamps of emotion. M. Daniélou, who appears to have penetrated deeply into both areas, is a safe guide for the average traveller. When it comes to noting microtonal music in Western notation he is no surer than another but as clear as any.

The present reviewer came to a sudden check at the mention of "an Indian keyboard". The author being French there may be a divergence in mental translation there. Keyboard is a red rag to any student of this music. What more than the villainous harmonium, introduced by us into India, has so insidiously contributed to that mistrust with which the activities of the British Raj came to be viewed there? But manifestly Visva Bharati's Shrutī Venu, if it be an instrument for producing sounds and not a system of tablature, is another type of keyboard. This is something the foreign student needs to be enlightened about.

S. G.

AUGUSTINE AND NO MESSIAH

The Church and Music. By Erik Routley. Pp. 255. (Duckworth.) 1950. 9s.

Henri Davenson, in 1944 (MR, VIII/1, p. 63) in a little masterpiece of style, *Traité de la Musique selon l'Esprit de Saint Augustin*, brought the principles of the *De Musica* to bear on modern critical taste concerning music, urging that it should be thought of *ad maiorem gloriam Dei* and referred, platonically, to a silent tract of the mind, a "place of the ideas". Mr. Routley, a lecturer and tutor in Ecclesiastical History at Mansfield College, using the historical method somewhat arbitrarily, in the present enquiry into the history, the nature, and the scope of what (note this) he calls "Christian Judgment on Music" similarly makes the Augustinian treatise his basis. His essay, based on a thesis for a B.D., lucidly written "to have the widest possible appeal to both musicians and theologians", shows no knowledge of Davenson, is, with regard to the Puritans, definitely school of Scholes (one of his examiners), and in its non-Roman authoritarianism shows affinities to the writings of C. S. Lewis, Charles Williams, and Dorothy Sayers, where these impinge on matters theological. His essay falls into two parts, from the pagans to the Reformation, and from the seventeenth century to our own time, and the first is by far the more satisfactory, because, as he explains, when the Church comes into existence it is, despite schism, *essentially* an undivided Church.

The position of Plato and Aristotle as regards music is well expressed and the nature of *theoria* and *harmonia* cleanly defined; the quotations from the early Fathers in Appendix A are just sufficient to develop the argument. With regard to St. Augustine's treatise, though he says that the first five books deal with the principles of prosody he does not make it abundantly clear that the whole work arises directly out of prosodic study and is the effort of a divine, who was also a great stylist and literary critic, to deduce truth from the principles of order, time and rhythm latent in poetry and the words of hymns. Music being defined as *ars bene modulandi*, there is peculiar cogency in the very first sentence of the dialogue where the master asks "What kind of a foot is *modus*?", to which the pupil replies "a pyrrhic". Mr. Routley finds the Saint's term *numeri* untranslatable. I do not see why, reserving "rhythm" for "*rhythmus*", we should not render it by "rhythms". Its meaning is surely clear from the use of the adverb *numerosè* in the passage about clapping (I, XIII, 27). The implications of this reclaimed man of the world are surely that the singers and actors who draw the crowds are inferior to the classical poets, and his sixth book is a demonstration of what centuries later Sir Thomas Browne called "order and mystical Mathematicks of the City of heaven". It is based on his prosodic explorations in terrestrial regions. Mr. Routley rightly stresses that *aequalitas* is perfection and that Augustine, as a Christian, is gentle in his judgment of "counterfeit symmetries", in as much as they do imitate the true.

It is, the more surprising therefore that in his second part, after putting behind him *organum*, the hocket, the Renaissance, the Reformation, the incursion of French influence that succeeded Puritanism, and coming to the epoch of Bach and Handel, he dismisses the latter (named only once, apropos of Brahms' op. 24 in an appendix, p. 244) by implication in the footnote "We remind the reader that we do not regard Oratorio as 'church music' in the strict sense. See Chapter VII" (p. 209) and this statement in that chapter of twelve pages: "The most remarkable phenomenon of the eighteenth century is the appearance of church-music on the scale of Bach's *Mass in B minor* . . . liturgical in origin but not in fact." This is a historian of church-music speaking by the card, if it be not a pillar of Nonconformity deliberately obscuring the vast influence of *Messiah*, at least (a personal revelation of Christ to many thousands for whom theology as such and all its doctors, Augustine included, mean nothing whatever), in favour of Methodist hymns. I will not say that Mr. Routley is disingenuous, but that his logic here is irrational. As a matter of fact Bach's masses and *Passions* were buried till the advent of Mendelssohn, the great Mass was the perquisite of musicians only and we find Beethoven asking curiously about the *Crucifixus* with its *basso ostinato*. Handel's music meant sublimity and redemption to the British Isles, anyhow, and to ignore this by ruling out Oratorio as not church-music is unhistorical. No mention of Haydn either (except, similarly, apropos of Brahms in a footnote). Are not the *Seven Last Words* church-music? But to go back to Handel: have not the *Chandos* and *Coronation* Anthems, and the two great Te Deums any place in the history of church-music? And is Mozart's *Requiem*, or C minor Mass, although unfinished, "on the scale of Bach's *Mass in B minor*"? Theology, no less than Philosophy, "can clip an angel's wings", and to find all these pages about hymns, and later no mention of the two *Festgesänge*, which Anglicans know as *Hark, the herald angels sing* and *Now thank we all our God*, while a Jewish tune in *Songs of Praise* is noted (p. 160), oppresses. Not only Roman Catholics have dogmatic slumbers.

A great deal is made of "tool-music" as the curse of the nineteenth century; the whipping-boys of this period (note that *Elijah*, like *Messiah*, is nameless) are found to be Spohr and Gounod. The *Dream of Gerontius*, though not church-music in the strict sense, is mentioned with approval and Vaughan Williams, as editor of the *English Hymnal*, receives full marks. A lot of miscellaneous knowledge about music has crept into this manual which mentions things as far apart as Liszt's *Liebestraum* and *Wozzeck*. Probably no better discussion of undenominational hymnology exists in such brief compass, and the book as a whole is interesting, its onesidedness being symptomatic of modern *Kultur*. A reference to the work of Schenker, mentioning the article in MR (X/1, p. 3) does not seem to help the ecclesiastical argument very much, save from this angle.

In the first note on p. 47 the figures 24 and 236 should be 25 and 237, 00 (middle of p. 48) possibly 14, "is" seems to be left out after "it" on the first line of p. 67, statements want a second t on p. 72 and "was" should surely be "is" before "*De Consolatione Philosophiae*" on p. 81. These are *minutiae* indeed. The effect of the essay as a whole is of a scholarly mind setting out under good auspices and finding a mare's-nest, though no doubt a Church has been served.

SOCIAL BASIS OF OPERA BUFFA

The Other Casanova. By Paul Nettl. Pp. xii + 293. (Philosophical Library, New York.) 1950. \$3.75.

No! There is no "other Casanova". *Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*. Once an adventurer, always an adventurer. The sub-title of Dr. Nettl's monograph, "A contribution to eighteenth-century music and manners", gives a truer hint of its contents, an account of the careers of the amorist and his twenty-four years younger fellow Venetian, Da Ponte, so far as these impinge on the world of opera and ballet. It is an unedifying spectacle, unmercifully robbed of superficial charm by translators who specialize in phrases like "hog the footlights", "spit and image", "uproarious pranks", "the great Mediterranean metropolis Venice", "Love, man's primal motive, was ever-present in the remote side canals", "*Don Giovanni* is the story of love's pilgrimage, the calendar of conquests by the erotic genius . . .", etc. Really, such language inclines one to Beethoven's way of thinking, i.e. that Mozart should not have prostituted his talent by setting such subjects, although (as we can see now) refinement of phrase, melodic sweetness, and consummate counterpoint only *disguised* so often Mozart's intense intellectual contempt for mundane vanities. Much research has gone to this study, as the disquisitions on the *forlana* and the *fandango* show, to say nothing of the castrati or the career, say, of La Pompeati (the Mrs. Cornelys, familiar to students of Smollett and the *Town and Country Magazine*), or the examination of the Casanova archives at Dux, where the sketch in his handwriting of an alternative version of the sextet in the second act of *Don Giovanni* was unearthed. There is no proof, only an inference, that Casanova was present at the *première* of this opera and, as a student of human nature (not a Casanova-expert), I venture the suggestion that at all costs, as soon as its *popularity* was assured, the old amorist at Dux decided that he must have a finger in *this* pie and concocted the fragment here reproduced (Pl. 14) as evidence that he had. It cannot be emphasized too much that Casanova saw no purpose deeper than pleasing the ear in music (p. 180) and that to people like him and even Da Ponte (at this time), Mozart, who hated Italians (including musicians of Clementi's standing) stood for no universal genius but probably only a Tyrolean hop-o'-my-thumb, would-be *hammer-musikus*, not quite an also-ran among composers of operas, proud of his hair and known to be sarcastic. Because Da Ponte went back to Vienna for Salieri's *Assur* before the curtain rose on *Don Giovanni*, a defection that speaks worlds, there is no reason to suppose that the theatrical *quidnunc* Casanova stepped into the breach. Indeed, nothing is more unlikely. For the rest, the fame of *Figaro* was then confined to Prague and, on the success of *Don Giovanni*, but with a significant lapse of time, another success of the *Figaro* type (but how different) was aimed at by Mozart and his librettist, who on it did a most workmanlike job, *Così fan tutte*.

It is an acid comment on these partnerships that Mozart, Casanova and Da Ponte lie in nameless graves (the last at New York) and that the last sentence but one of this New York publication runs "Yet it was only the music of Mozart that invested Da Ponte's libretto with the glow of immortality".

The Ballad Tree. By Evelyn Kendrick Wells. Pp. x + 370. (The Ronald Press Company, New York.) 1950. \$4.50.

This is a study of British and American ballads, their folklore, verse and music, with sixty traditional ballads and their tunes, and chapters devoted to F. J. Child and Cecil Sharp. Child's numeration is followed throughout this very businesslike book with an

appendix devoted to literary ballads (where modern specimens from Housman and Noyes are given and none from Swinburne), bibliography (omitting Thomas Evans, *Old Ballads*, 1777, 2 vols. reissue by R. H. Evans, 1810, 4 vols.) and three indices. The account of Percy and Ritson, where Bronson's work on the latter has been used with advantage, is just, and few scholars will dispute the writer's conclusion that *Reliques* would not have attained its vogue had not Percy softened the "antique roughnesses" for his first listeners. Though Cowper is cited on the ballad on p. 235, *John Gilpin* is unmentioned. The Associate Professor of English at Wellesley College has in general compiled a not otiose work of reference, where topographical sites in North Britain and the Southern Appalachians (with their singers) receive individual attention. I think the three "frays" of the ballad of Sir John Eland should have found a place, as the story of a feud as far south as Halifax; though it has no tune (so far as I know) there is an extant MS of the same date as the Percy *Folio*: a version is printed in C. J. D. Ingeledew's *The Ballads and Songs of Yorkshire* (1860).

INITIATIVE

The Story of an Orchestra. By Boyd Neel, with an introduction by Benjamin Britten. Pp. 133. (Vox Mundi.) 1950. 10s. 6d.

The saga of success from small beginnings is more bearable when the enterprise is a collective one with a heart as well as a head behind it. This evolution of a South-Eastern London doctor into the conductor of a world-touring string orchestra is told racy and modestly, interspersed with observations as various as on the bringing of a baby into the world after a concert and the sparse accommodation for executants before performances. Perhaps the initial naval training of the undaunted author has helped to establish that personal magnetism lacking in so many pioneers at least equally honest and altruistic. Not only the introduction makes this record a Britten item (see particularly p. 38). There is no index:—triumph of organization otherwise, even to frontispiece (repeated on jacket).

Hector Berlioz. By J. Daniskas. Pp. 63. (Sidgwick and Jackson.) 7s. 6d.

This book is translated from the Dutch by W. A. G. Doyle-Davidson, Professor of English at Nijmegen University. It has some unusual illustrations (*i.e.* of the opening of the cantata *Herminie*, of the composer's father, second wife, son (*aet.* 32) and Camille Moke), and a table of his works under dates, where conveniently only the first versions are mentioned. This makes it clear at a glance what a large portion of Berlioz' sixty-six years was given up to musical criticism and self-exploitation (this word is not used derisively) other than in tones. It is admittedly hard to cover the ground in an essay of this length, and the dismissal of the two last operas with bare mentions and no quotations is a serious blemish, and even worse is the statement on p. 57 that restraint is unusual with Berlioz (can the writer have examined the songs?). Still, it does give a fair idea of his aims, and in bringing out points like his mother's hysterical temperament and the fact that the Smithson and Byron have nothing to do with the essential qualities of the *Symphonie Fantastique* and *Harold in Italy*, a step is taken towards the purely musical analysis that is yet a *desideratum* in the case of this original genius, despite Schumann, Hadow, Turner, Wotton and Newman, of whom the last only is mentioned in the bibliography.

Beethoven. By J. W. N. Sullivan. Pp. 159. (Pelican Books.) 1s. 6d.

This book appeared in 1927 and it remains, along with Sir George Grove's famous article, the best introduction to Beethoven's outlook as a musician and a man (apart from technical analyses such as Tovey's and Newman's) that is available for people plain or learned. One may disagree here and there; for instance the characterization of Op. 106 as "the expression of a man of infinite suffering, of infinite courage and will, but without God and without hope" seems to me radically false, for Beethoven was never without God,

and if he did not sense Him directly, he at least could through Handel; and the reflections of the difference a wife might have made to the music of his last period are grotesque, for if celibacy invited the agonizing episode of the nephew it at least brought that pure chrysolite the friendship of the Archduke Rudolph. But even when one does not agree with Sullivan one respects him, because his approach was that of a seeker after truth, with no axe but truth's to grind. One does not feel *quite* that with Romain Rolland or Vincent d'Indy.

In Memoriam Richard Strauss. By Willi Schuh. Pp. 23. (Atlantis Verlag, Zürich.)

This is a touching and reverent *éloge*, illuminating in particular because it gives Strauss' own comparison made in the National Gallery of Tintoretto's *Origin of the Milky Way* to his art and his statement that he stood in relation to Wagner as Tintoretto to Titian. It draws attention to his conception of himself as a German Greek and the absence of a specifically religious work in his output, dwelling on his classicism, sane objectivity and Goethean humanistic standpoint. Lovers of this great musician should possess it. Even if the mask that fronts it be a death mask, it *lives*.

Musicians in Elysium. By F. Bonavia. Pp. 125. (Secker and Warburg.) 7s. 6d.

Mr. Bonavia is now with Lucian, who wrote the first essays in this *genre*, and we may be sure that the witty pagan of Samosata will greet the gentle-humoured London music critic with urbanity. Twenty "Dialogues of the Dead" are here reprinted from *The Monthly Musical Record*, and it is good to have them assembled, as very few could be spared. Both sly wit and acute criticism abound in them, and if the asperities of some of the figures are softened owing to their presence in Elysium, readability is not affected. The less splendid names come out best, Saint-Saëns and César Franck, Johann Strauss and Tchaikovsky, Ponchielli and Puccini, but the sound sense in the condemnation of "massed" performances of *Messiah* and *The Art of Fugue* in the colloquy of Handel and Bach, and the digs at the insecurity of contemporary judgments throughout, but particularly in the pieces about Paganini and Spohr, Grieg and Ibsen, Mendelssohn and Berlioz provoke reflection, though Mr. Bonavia, like so many nowadays, has not quite sensed the tragedy of agitation and grinding conscientious hard work behind the polished successful Mendelssohnian façade. On p. 28 what looks like a mispunctuation seems to obscure the sense. Should not Berlioz' remark: "You only knew life's pleasures thrice, Felix Mendelssohn. I knew most of its horrors" read "You only knew life's pleasures, thrice-Felix Mendelssohn", etc.? The treatment of Schubert in his ripostes to Wolf shows something not far from a poet's sensitivity. A real bedside book.

VARIATION À LA POLONIUS

The Technique of Variation. By Robert U. Nelson. Pp. viii + 197. (University of California Press; Cambridge University Press.) 1949. 2cs.

Nothing could have been farther from my thoughts than *Hamlet* when this chastely printed Volume 3 of University of California Publications in Music came to hand. "Here", I said to myself, "is yet one more of those thorough well-instructed transatlantic disquisitions, either before or after the award of a degree, all trees and no wood, that dazzle my ignorance without really illuminating it!" But I had not advanced very far when I found it was that with a difference; the "seven distinct kinds" of variations here "reconciled into a series of basic constructive principles", viz.: "renaissance and baroque variations on secular songs, dances and *arias*, renaissance and baroque variations on plain songs and chorales, the baroque *basso ostinato* variation, the ornamental variation of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the nineteenth-century character variation, the nineteenth-century *basso ostinato* variation, the free variation of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries" rang a bell, and in answer stepped forth the Lord Chamberlain from Elsinore with "The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral,

pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited". And what shall be said of a treatise on variation technique that in its 156 pages of text and 36 of closely printed notes does not once mention the last movement of the *Choral* Symphony, while pausing to tell us such things as that the theme in Beethoven's variations on *Kind, willst du ruhig schlafen* is 49 bars long and that Schönberg told the writer that *motivische Arbeit* is a better term to designate the development of theme motives than *thematische Arbeit*? There is no doubt a reason for this procedure and another book as long as this one might be written elaborating it, but to this reviewer it appears a crucial instance of the dangers inherent in the *a priori* method of criticism. Nothing could exceed Professor Nelson's meticulous care in presenting his divisions and subdivisions of variation types from Cabezón to Reger and (fair play to him) he does admit that an example like the *Goldberg* Variations transcends his categories and, in an appendix, he analyses four sets of variations, exemplifying, respectively, *cantus firmus* technique, harmonic technique, melodico-harmonic technique and free technique. That may be, and to some extent is, a *solatium*, but the fact remains that the categories in question are derived from the practice of outstanding composers and not *vice versa* and that, in spite of the authorities (Vincent d'Indy is the best of them) on whom Professor Nelson has built his elaborate survey, the categorical method really breaks down. Who for instance shall rashly assume that a *basso ostinato* is not a melodic line? The *Goldberg* theme, no doubt, because headed "Aria", is classed in the song, not the dance, category, but, as Tovey pointed out, it is a sarabande. The "free technique" is stated to date from about 1875, but what shall be said of a forgotten set like the Archduke Rudolph's on a five-bar theme of Beethoven in G (1819), where the *adagio* (Var. 36) is 31 bars long, the march (37) 65 bars, with 17 repeated, the G minor allegro (38) 33 bars, with repeated sections of 9 and 24, the *menuetto* (39) 70 bars, and the finale (40), a rondo in E minor with themes in E major and C major derived from the main theme, 230 bars, leading to a fugue of 97? No doubt the introduction of Beethoven's Op. 35 is responsible for the first four of these variations (which have an introduction of 89 bars in G minor, possibly antecedent to Beethoven's Op. 121a), if not for the closing fugue; but so far as freedom is concerned, Reger's *Telemann* Variations, composed during the 1914-18 war, have nothing more original to show, besides being a good deal more formal. Professor Nelson is perhaps best on the melodic-harmonic chorale variation, and is to be thanked, too, for the attention he pays to Fischer's Chaconne in G. His reader must be prepared to keep an eye concurrently on the notes which, as in the case of Beethoven's Op. 34, say things that should have been emphasized in the text (pp. 113, 175). He seems oddly to have overlooked the quasi canonic variation (23) in Beethoven's 32 (p. 49) and in one of his illustrations (p. 103) the derivation of the first eight notes "from the head of the theme" (Mendelssohn's *Variations Sérieuses*) needs more explanation, for with the best will in the world I can only deduce the first two from the soprano voice, and the next four from the tenor, in reverse order, so that one is left (terrible thought!) not with a character variation but with a free variation before 1875. Of the labour and intensity that have gone to this study the very angle from which I feel bound to approach it is a witness; it is honest work, but I do not take kindly to the Nelson touch. The rest is silence.

E. H. W. M.

Giuseppe Verdi. By Herman Rutters. Pp. 59. (Sidgwick and Jackson.) 7s. 6d.
Italian Opera. By Professor Dr. K. Ph. Bernet Kempers and M. G. Bakker. Pp. 58.
 (Sidgwick and Jackson.) 7s. 6d.

These two volumes form part of the series *Symphonia Books*, by Dutch authors, and printed in Holland, which have recently been unloaded on our shores. It is rather difficult to see why. Just how much information can be packed into a brief monograph by an expert, writing out of the fullness of his knowledge, has been shown by Martin Cooper in his masterly booklet on *Opéra comique*, in Max Parrish's well-known *World of Music* series, with which *Symphonia Books*, nattily got up and copiously illustrated, invite comparison. But in the hands of anything less than an expert the brief monograph is

apt to turn out a piece of unprofitable hack-work. Neither Prof. Bernet Kempers, nor M. G. Bakker, who combine forces to produce 20,000 words on Italian opera, nor Herman Rutters, who tackles Verdi single-handed, can be called a Dutch Martin Cooper.

Two startling quotations from *Giuseppe Verdi*:

- P. 10. "This was *I Masnadieri* ('The Robbers'); the première was given on July 22nd, 1847, at Her Majesty's Theatre as a gala performance for the English Court with the celebrated Jenny Lind as Lady Macbeth. . . ."
- P. 33. "And then there were masters such as Donizetti, who in his *Norma* and *La Sonnambula*, and Bellini with his *Lucia di Lammermoor*, maintained the supremacy of Italy's operatic authority."

And two from *Italian Opera*:

- P. 20. "[Cesti] wrote his first opera, 'Cesare amante' and his last, 'Argia' in Venice. His most famous works were really intended for Florence—'Dori', 'Oronthea', and above all, 'Pomo d'Oro', which was composed in 1667, on the occasion of the marriage of Ferdinand I."
- (His first opera was *Oronthea*, not *Cesare amante*; *Oronthea* was written for Venice, not Florence, and *Il Pomo d'Oro* for Vienna.)
- P. 47. "In accordance with his gentle, wild (*sic*) temperament, Verdi could only venture on the outer fringes of emotions, and these emotions are in the most promiscuous mixtures of love, hate, ardour, thirst for blood, and piety, without any attempt at grouping."

The translations, respectively by Mrs. D. Kuenen-Wicksteed and Mrs. M. M. Kessler-Button, are almost unbelievably bad. Proper names and titles, especially in the Verdi book, are frequently given wrongly (*Emilio Muzio*, for Emanuele; *Marignani*, for Mariani; *Alsira*, repeatedly, for *Alzira*; *Atilla* and *Atilla*, for *Attila*, *Inno della Nazione* for *Inno delle Nazioni*; we can take our choice between (p. 27) "a (*sic*) *Quattro pezzi sacri*" and (p. 54) "the *Quatro pezzi da cri*"; not only is Lady Macbeth included in the cast of *I Masnadieri*, but the *Duce* appears in *Rigoletto* (pp. 40-41)! And there is a reference (p. 54) to a *Te Deum* for two horns (*sic*) and orchestra.

In the book on *Italian Opera* no attempt seems to have been made to find the English equivalents of technical terms: we get "cross-imitation style", "the same motif in counter-part", "coloraturo passages", "chord instrument", "oratorium", "use of dissonants", "basses de gamba", "recitatief", "leitmotief" and "fugas". Thanks are given (pp. 22-23) "to such brilliant *genii* as Alessandro Scarlatti". On p. 56, à propos of *Madame Butterfly*, there is this appalling example of the Dutch joke: "The dollars flowed freely into the pockets of papa Poeh-tsji-ni." Or is that just another misprint?

I am, God knows, no chauvinist in the matter of musical literature, but I think we can do better than this.

F. W.

Frédéric Chopin. By Roland Manuel. Pp. 19. (Unesco.) 1949.

The distinguished French composer and critic succeeds in drawing a vivid thumbnail sketch of a sadly misrepresented genius, whose aloofness from the programmatic and pictorial issues of musical Romanticism and fiery concentration on the conception of a new sonority are well presented. In speaking of Chopin's formative influence on later generations the author mentions Wagner's *Tristan*. Yet here a word of caution may not be inopportune. Chopin's alleged influence on Wagner has never been irrefutably established, whereas it has by now become clearly evident that some roots of *Tristan* lead back to Liszt's *Faust* Symphony. Among those showing manifest traces of Chopin's influence are listed Chabrier, Poulenc, Albeniz and Grieg. But surely the royal line of Chopin's pianistic style is more authoritatively continued in the piano works of Skriabin, Rachmaninov and Szymanowski. Or have they been deliberately left out because of their posthumous relationship with the nations "behind the iron curtain"? It would certainly

have facilitated the reviewer's task, could he have perused Mr. Roland Manuel's essay in the original instead of having to rely on an English translation, the perpetrator of which has wisely decided to remain anonymous. Surely one could have expected an august international body such as The United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, to whose series "Great Anniversaries" this booklet belongs, to select a translator able to distinguish between an "editor" and a "publisher". By persistently calling Chopin's publishers "his editors", the translator drives the unsuspecting reader to the (quite unwarranted) conclusion that Chopin's musical text had been tampered with even *before* he closed his eyes. By consulting the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* the translator could further have found out that the current English term for the player of a lute is "lutenist" and not "lutist". The 19 pages of this publication are studded with misprints, Polish and German names getting the worst of it. Is it too much to ask Unesco to consult in such a case a proof reader familiar with those languages? Nobody will feel very edified when confronted with distortions such as Elsner, Kiatkowski, Sachimecki, Niedcks, even if he can find out by skimming through any old Chopin biography, that these horrors stand for Elsner, Kwiatkowski, Jachimecki and Niecks. These persistent mis-spellings certainly do *not* suggest a very close collaboration between the "United Nations" in the literary sphere.

Music and Musicians of the Dominican Republic. By J. M. Coopersmith. Pp. 146. (Pan American Union, Washington, D.C.) 1949. \$1.25.

Mr. Coopersmith's scholarly monograph on the history and character of the music produced by the indigenous inhabitants of the Dominican Republic makes fascinating reading. The music, in its curious mixture of Spanish and Negro elements, becomes alive in copious musical quotations and rhythmical diagrams, while a number of well produced plates acquaint the reader not only with the shape of native instruments of percussion and with Dominican variations of the lute, but also with characteristic physiognomies of distinguished Dominican composers. The bibliography is staggering and the short biographical sketches of leading personalities in the musical life of the Republic since the early nineteenth century are most enlightening. The book is printed in bilingual fashion (Anglo-Spanish) with a general index serving both sections. The Division of Music and Visual Arts in the Pan American Union is to be congratulated on this impressive publication. If the establishment of regional musical cultures—in contradistinction to a generally acceptable, international style of music—is to be further encouraged, then publications such as this should be welcomed. Those however, hankering for the abolition of nationalistic separatism even in its most artistic forms, might think otherwise. They might even go so far as to consider it more important for the Dominicans to absorb the thousand years of Western music, than for westerners to become experts in Dominican folklore. But of course—in the U.S.A. as well as in the U.S.S.R. to-day—such ruminations are probably looked upon as the expression of a hopelessly antiquated point of view.

H. F. R.

Die Musikinstrumente des Alten Orients. By Max Wegner. Pp. 73. (Aschendorffsche Verlagsbuchhandlung, Münster.) 1950.

Prinzip einer Systematik der Musikinstrumente. By Hans Heinz Dräger. Pp. 49. (Bärenreiter-Verlag, Kassel and Basel.) 1948. DM 3.60.

Wegner's monograph is a useful, straightforward account of the musical instruments of ancient Egypt, Mesopotamia, Israel, the Hittite and Minoan cultures and Greece, as they survive in actual specimens or fragments, in pictures and in literary accounts. It is illustrated with line-drawings, sixteen pages of photographs, and an ingenious synoptic table. One of the most interesting points for the general reader (if one should find himself browsing in these learned pages) is the lack of satisfactory information about early Jewish instruments; the Old Testament is full of their names but the archaeologists have failed to find the instruments themselves and, thanks to the Jewish dislike of representing the human form, we have no pictures of them. Consequently we do not even

know precisely what were the *kinnoroth* that the Psalmist and his friends hung on willow trees. We know that the *kinnor* was made of sandal-wood (I Kings, x.12), that it has some connection with "eight" (eight strings?) and that David played it "with his hand" (I Samuel, xvi.23). But there is no evidence that it was a harp—or a *kithara*, as the Septuagint has it—and Wegner inclines to the belief that it was some kind of lyre.

The generating motive of Wegner's study, however, seems to have been not so much interest in the instruments of the ancient East for their own sake as a desire to refute the *dicta* of Curt Sachs that Greek music was "borrowed property", that "no instrument came into existence on Hellenic soil". Wegner makes the point that the oldest known Greek instrument is the *phorminx*, the four-stringed lyre of the eighth century B.C. "If the Greeks had been so slavishly dependent on the East, would they really have limited themselves to four strings when their supposed models possessed more richly strung lyres? If so, that in itself would have been an independent intellectual act." Moreover "the oldest Greek lyres all, without exception, had a segment- or sickle-shaped soundbox. Yet this form is nowhere found in the ancient orient". From the four-stringed lyre, the Greeks proceeded to the seven-stringed which remained their norm, and this love of a standard number, a norm, is also uncharacteristic of the ancient East. The Greeks adopted the many-stringed harp and the lute later, in the fifth and fourth centuries, when their own musical culture had long developed its own characteristics, and Wegner goes so far as to suggest that this borrowing—perhaps from Egypt—"shook rather than fertilized Greek musical life, was indeed already a portent of cultural decadence".

The name of Curt Sachs also figures prominently in Professor Dräger's system of instrumental classification; indeed Dräger begins with a tribute to his teachers Sachs and Hornbostel, and his system is essentially an attempt to improve on theirs. It is applied in twenty-four pages of tables.

G. A.

The Complete Opera Book. By Gustav Kobbé. Pp. xxiv + 990, illustrated. Reprinted September, 1949. (Putnam.) 30s.

This is not substantially different from the version of May, 1935, which contained 22 fewer pages and nearly twice as many illustrations. Three operas of Benjamin Britten have been added and improvements have been made in the index and list of contents. There is a difference of opinion as to the spelling of the author's first name: he is given a final "e" on the title-page, but not on the spine of the book.

G. N. S.

Haydn. By Rosemary Hughes. (The Master Musicians.) Pp. xii + 244, illustrated. (Dent.) 1950. 7s. 6d.

This new life of Haydn, replacing the one by J. Cuthbert Hadden of 1911, is another example of the graceful writing displayed by some English lady-musicologists. Sincere love for the subject in hand and devoted industry are combined here, as in Miss Anderson's edition of Mozart's letters and in Miss Scott's life of Beethoven, with serenity and equanimity. No male author writing a new Haydn biography would have refrained from joining one or other of the battles still raging on various fields of Haydn research. Miss Hughes, however, without shrinking from necessary decisions, manages to avoid any heated discussion and tells her story as calmly as Haydn used to write his music. This is really an excellent addition to the popular series edited by Eric Blom.

It must now be said that this unfortunate reviewer discovered some blemishes which might be corrected in further editions.

First, the illustrations. The portrait attributed, apparently, with good reasons, to Fuseli is certainly not one of Haydn. The author's, or editor's, doubts might have led to the right decision after an inquiry at the National Portrait Gallery, one of the few courts of appeal for likenesses. The genuine Haydn silhouette, ascribed here to Lavater, could have been the one which the Swiss physiognomist "received" when, according to Pohl, he "made some of his most characteristic remarks". Since, however, the silhouette reproduced was in Haydn's bedroom and no other copy is known than the one published

by Pohl in *Grove's Dictionary* it seems very doubtful that Lavater could have seen it. He never made a silhouette of Haydn.

Although the author tried to catch the real atmosphere of Haydn's time and surroundings, inevitably she sometimes goes astray in Vienna. The Dowager Princess Esterházy, who temporarily lived in the same Kohlmarkt house as young Haydn, did so not "at street level" or on "the ground floor" (p. 23) but "im ersten Stock" (Pohl, *Haydn*, I, 126) which means on the first floor. There were and are no other rooms at the front of the ground floor than vaults for shops. The Countess Thun (p. 26) who patronized young Haydn was, as already stressed in the review of Geiringer's *Haydn* (MUSIC REVIEW, February, 1948, p. 59), not the beautiful Wilhelmine, then about ten years of age, but an elder relation of her future husband. Joseph II was crowned at Frankfort not as "King of Rome" (p. 36) but, like Francis I before him and Francis II after him (pp. 11 and 85), as emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. The title "King of Rome" was not used before Napoleon invented it for his son, the Duke of Reichstadt. Haydn's library did not consist almost entirely of technical treatises on music (p. 46) but contained, among other books, a collection of German lyrics as shown by the manuscript catalogue of that library in the British Museum. Mozart did not perform at Prince Esterházy's Vienna residence (p. 55) but in the modest home of Count Johann Esterházy, who was also the Esterházy among the noble members of van Swieten's music society (p. 99). Haydn was introduced to a Viennese lodge not by Franz von Greiner (p. 58) but by Franz von Weber to whom his application was addressed on 29th December, 1784. Joseph II never joined Freemasonry. Lady Hamilton did not produce, at Eisenstadt in September, 1800, some "Lines from the Battle of the Nile" (p. 103) but Miss Cornelia Knight's, her companion's, long poem was privately printed during their stay at Vienna, and Haydn selected the "Lines" set to music by him. Nelson and the Hamiltons, later in the same month visited Haydn, who had returned from Eisenstadt, in his Vienna house. One mistake in the "Calendar" (p. 204) was taken over from Hadden's book: Haydn is said there to have met Nelson in 1797 at Eisenstadt. Young Haydn's part in occasional serenades on Vienna's narrow lanes (p. 152) is overworked by the author, and her suggestion that his early string quartets were written for such open-air music is untenable: there were no cellos, nor chairs for cellists, in those Vienna street serenades. Pohl (I, 108) tentatively suggests that the serenades of that time were performed by three or more string or wind instruments, or by a mixture of both, with or without voices. In Mozart's Vienna days, about 1785, there were evening concerts of wind instruments on the Neuer Markt, and twenty years later one serenade of eight string and wind players, sitting at a table on the Graben square, is recorded in an engraving by Opitz; on this special occasion, in honour of Vienna's many pretty Annes, a cello was present. Mariazell is a "venerable shrine" (p. 18) but there is no monastery (p. 202). The two sets of Haydn's *Canzonettas* were published in London not in 1791/2 and 1794/5 (p. 221) but in 1794 and 1795 respectively. Franz Clement, of Beethoven's Violin Concerto, was leader, not conductor (p. 225) at the Theater an der Wien. O. E. D.

[An unfortunate slip on p. 234 may perhaps justify an editorial protest at the description, *Musical Review*. No such journal exists (Ed.).]

Schubert Brevier. By Willi Reich. Pp. 91. (Werner Classen Verlag, Zürich.) 1949.

Goethe und die Musik. By Willi Reich. Pp. 163. (Ex Libris Verlag, Zürich.) 1949.

Willi Reich has an admirable gift for compiling anthologies from the letters, diaries and conversations of famous musicians and poets who have had something to say about music. They do not contain much that the musicologist does not already know, but the extracts are cleverly arranged and include the most memorable *dicta*. Indeed, the reader who is interested in the life of the hero of one of these anthologies may be sure of getting a good picture from Reich's selection. Nothing, for example, could better explain Schubert's personality than his remark to Hüttenbrenner, "It is the business of the state to provide for me: I came into the world for no other purpose than to write music".

The anthology of Goethe's writings, letters and conversations makes exciting reading, particularly the section in which his views on opera are collected. Goethe, as is well known, wrote some excellent libretti. His views on the collaboration of composer and poet should be read by all those who are intending to write an opera.

Writing in 1780 to Philipp Christoph Kayser who was then composing the music for his *opera buffa*, *Scherz, List und Rache*, Goethe warns him to be economical in his orchestration. "Make use of single wind instruments like single spices in a dish: here a flute, here a bassoon, here an oboe. Then one may be sure of one's effect, and one will know what one is eating, instead of which most modern composers, like cooks with their dishes, produce a *Hautgout* of everything, so that fish tastes like meat, and roast beef like boiled mutton."

Most valuable too are the comments which Goethe made as Director of the Weimar Theatre for the stage manager, correcting mistakes in the production of *Don Giovanni* and *The Magic Flute*. I strongly recommend this book for translation into English, for this side of Goethe's personality is not nearly well enough known. E. J. W.

The New Musical Notation. By Velizar Godevatz. Pp. 31. (The author: New York.) 1948.

It is probably only in America that people have dollars or time enough to occupy themselves with inventing new musical notations. Mr. Godevatz, however, thinks that this is an urgent matter, that it is the most important problem in music to-day, and that on its satisfactory solution depends the whole progress of music in the future. He points out all the absurdities and anomalies of the old system, and offers a new system which is perfectly simple and logical, one that does away with clefs and accidentals, and that substitutes a new way of reckoning intervals and chords. The new system retains the use of horizontal lines, the old note and rest-values, and some of the old encumbrances, such as marks of expression; one cannot but think that all these might as well have been reformed and simplified while he was at it. The old alphabetical names of the notes, however, are discarded, and it is somewhat disconcerting to the old-fashioned musician to be given the compass of a trumpet in K and a clarinet in U. A page of full score by Stravinsky is given (by permission) in the old notation and in the new. The latter sweeps away hundreds of accidentals and fidgety symbols, and looks clean as a whistle, the only snag being that it means nothing to anybody except the inventor or someone who has been specially trained to read it. There are also the trifling difficulties that all written music of the past would have to be re-written, and that all musicians would have to start again from scratch and learn to co-ordinate the new notation with their playing and writing.

Brass, Woodwind and Strings. By Desmond MacMahon. Pp. xvii + 101. (Nelson.) 1949. 12s. 6d.

Fifty years ago there were no books about the orchestra except a few standard text-books on orchestration; now all classes of readers, from the uninstructed amateur to the learned scholar, are being showered with books that seem to increase in number almost daily. The latest contribution comes from Dr. Desmond MacMahon, Musical Adviser to the City of Birmingham Education Committee, and is designed "to meet the needs of the layman interested in instrumental music".

The scope of the work is vast, and embraces not only the symphony orchestra, light orchestra, brass band, military band, dance band, acoustics, history, instruments of the Bible, and other oddments, but also all of the instruments used in each of these combinations. All this had to be covered in about 100 pages, of which about a third are devoted to illustrations, so that the information offered is reduced to bare essentials. The language employed is, quite rightly, on the homely side, and the treatment is, necessarily, rather sketchy. No doubt Dr. MacMahon knows well the sort of reader to whom his book is addressed, and if it provides a starting-point for further investigation and whets the appetite of the uninstructed reader for more information, it will serve its purpose. But

it is open to question whether it would not have been wiser to limit the scope of the book, giving fuller and more precise information over a more restricted field, rather than attempt so much in so little space.

All the bowed string instruments are covered in less than three pages of text (excluding some notes on the old violin makers), and this includes some unimportant remarks about harmonics being used to imitate a tin-whistle, trick-violinists unscrewing their bow-hairs, and dance-band players slapping their double-bass strings. In the brief paragraph on harmonics it is said that these are produced by touching the string lightly at certain distances along the string *from the bridge*; this should read: *from either the nut or the bridge*; those nearest the nut are actually the easiest and most frequently used. In the chapter on acoustics even the expert may be puzzled to know how the lowest "theoretical" notes on the clarinet, horn and trumpet have been calculated, and the layman will be completely mystified (p. 63). The paragraph on the horn in the historical section reads as if crooks were used up to the end of the nineteenth century and were then replaced by valves. The date given for the introduction of valves (1835) is twenty years too late, and elsewhere "valve" and "piston" are confused (pp. 11 and 67). The Appendix III (Books for further reading) includes some books that are out of print and difficult to obtain, and omits some more recent and easily accessible books. The chapter on British conductors is also rather out-of-date; it is some time since "Dr." Malcolm Sargent was conductor of the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra is not even mentioned.

The misprints include a mysterious "Flugerhorn in D flat" which brass bandmen will no doubt recognize as their old friend the Flugelhorn in B flat.

The book is generously illustrated with excellent plates showing the instruments in the hands of their players, and many line-drawings which have the merit that they show the details of key-work more clearly than the photographs do; but the Keyed Bugle on p. 80 is not shaped as that instrument commonly was, and some essential keys have been omitted.

When such as the above inaccuracies have been corrected, the book will probably prove a useful introduction to a subject which is now coming within the range of a vast public of both young and old people who have previously had little or no opportunity of hearing good music and good orchestras.

Claudio Monteverdi, Leben und Werk. By Hans Ferdinand Redlich. Pp. 232. (Otto Walter, Olten, Switzerland.) 1949.

Slowly but surely the music of the period that lies between the ages of Palestrina and Bach is being brought to light after long and undisturbed repose on library shelves during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It is the music of a pre-orchestral era; music that was breaking away from the vocal polyphony of the sixteenth century, that was adventuring into the monody of the earliest operas, that was shaping new instrumental and vocal forms and styles, and that inaugurated the long reign of the *basso continuo*.

Monteverdi, whose working life may be reckoned as from about 1590 to 1643, was, so to speak, in the thick of this new movement, and his work merits close attention, not merely as exemplifying an important stage in the evolution of musical art, but also in its own right as music *per se*.

The first worker in the Monteverdian field was probably von Winterfeld, in 1834; the biographical side was inaugurated by Vogel in 1887, and during the 'eighties the re-issuing of his surviving output was begun. There have been many workers, none more indefatigable than Dr. Redlich, the result of whose research could hitherto be found only in many scattered articles and essays, as well as in the more practical form of performing versions of Monteverdi's first and last operas—*Orfeo* (1607) and *La Incoronazione di Poppea* (1642)—indeed, his only two complete surviving operas except the still doubtful *Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria* (1641).

In a book of moderate length, Dr. Redlich has brought together in compact form the sum of his vast knowledge and experience, and provides the reader (of German) with a

well-balanced background against which he may learn to understand the historical significance of Monteverdi's work.

The first part is biographical, and traces Monteverdi's life, first in Cremona, then as a court musician at Mantua, and finally his long service in charge of the music at St. Mark's, Venice. The musical output is then surveyed in three aspects, namely, his work as a madrigalist—which embraces practically all of his secular vocal-instrumental music except opera—as an opera composer, and as a writer of church music. It was in the field of opera that Monteverdi's work was most significant, and that is no doubt the part of Dr. Redlich's book that will most interest the general reader. The loss of the bulk of his operas, many of which perished when Mantua was plundered by the Austrians in 1630, has deprived posterity of a great deal of material on which a fair judgment could be based, and has left us only the two complete authenticated works, a few fragments from others, two or three song-ballets and the dramatic cantata *Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda* (1624). But in these remains there has been found work enough to keep the researchers busy for over half a century, and to the outcome of their labours Dr. Redlich adds much that will be of great value to future workers in the same field.

A complete list of Monteverdi's works, lost and surviving, will be very useful for reference, as it includes records of all the later reprints and the many performing versions of the two operas that have been prepared, most of them since 1904.

A very interesting *Anhang* deals with the eternal problem of how the music (which has survived mostly in mere sketchy outline) should be reconstructed in a form that makes it intelligible to present-day musicians, and how performing versions should be treated. Monteverdi's music bristles with problems of this sort: archaic notation, barring, the interpretation of his sparsely figured *continuo*, the free ornamentation that was left to the performer, and the wide choice of instruments that are not specifically associated with any particular part. Nobody who has not seen the music in its surviving form can have any idea of the difficulties that confront the editor and arranger of Monteverdi's works, and the many reconstructions of the two famous operas that have already been made demonstrate very clearly how widely the views of the reconstructors can differ.

A few pictorial illustrations complete this valuable addition to our knowledge of the music of a period which (like our own) was revolutionary as well as far-reaching in its effect on the progress of musical art.

A. C.

Playing a Church Organ. By Marmaduke P. Conway. Pp. 144. (Latimer House.) 1949. 7s. 6d.

At the present time the traditional tone of the organ is largely forgotten owing to the almost complete transference of interest from the church to the cinema on the one hand, and the growing adherence of music lovers to the orchestra on the other. The large concert organs still found in many of the Town Halls of the country are for the most part virtually reduced to silence, or are used as mere appendages to the orchestra: still worse, they are sometimes employed in the menial occupation of covering the noise of conversation, or the shuffling of feet as an audience assembles to take part in a political meeting, it may be, or to watch a prize-fight.

The quality of a fine diapason chorus, and the golden tone-clang of a fine set of reed stops, is largely passing out of the consciousness of the public; the organ recital, though it still survives, fails to attract as it used to do a generation ago. Certainly a new awakening of interest in the king of instruments would appear to be overdue, and we would like to see Dr. Conway's book not only in the hands of organists and choirmasters—who will profit greatly by its thoughtful perusal—but in those of music lovers generally.

Dedicated to his past and present pupils, they will doubtless be the first to welcome a permanent record of much that has been passed on to them orally.

The first two chapters of the book cover in a brief survey the origin of the organ and its partial development: also an explanation, in a non-technical way, of what would be seen *inside* the organ. The following chapter on the console is very interesting, and contains much that is significant in the matter of organ design. Practical suggestions are put

forward respecting the specifications of effective small organs: economic stress may make necessary a larger employment of these in the future.

The church organist as amateur and professional is discussed in a chapter explanatory of what is expected of him, and the methods of his training. Herein the author speaks with critical authority and helpfulness.

Dr. Conway's book, *The Registration of Rheinberger's Organ Sonatas*, showed him to be a master of this important phase of organ playing, and in the present volume he dilates interestingly on the subject of registration in its three categories; for congregational singing; for accompanying a trained choir; for solo playing.

He is at pains to bring home to the aspirant for an organ post the need for all-round musicianship, as well as considerable technical capacity; and it is good to observe that he ranks the competent playing of a four-part hymn-tune as something demanding considerable skill, and not, as is often mistakenly imagined, as being within the reach of the merest tyro. Such is not the case.

Helpful too is the advice given on the subject of choir-training, and choir-management: indeed the book may fairly be said to cover the whole of the activities of the organist and choirmaster in a sympathetic and helpful way; whilst the style of the writer is attractive both in its sincerity and its lucidity.

The suggested lists of anthems and organ voluntaries, sufficient to cover a whole year, will doubtless prove to be both useful and stimulating.

The relationship between organist and clergy is discussed at some length, and the impression given is that the author is doing his best to remove some of the barbs from this thorny subject. The fact must be faced that the incumbent has the power to be a dictator if he so chooses. Dr. Conway, speaking out of the fulness of his experience, gives in Chapter XII a most necessary reminder of the hazards the organist may have to face. Therein he will learn that his post carries no official status; that he has no legal recognition in ecclesiastical law; that, unlike one of the junior clergy, he cannot, after dismissal at the hands of the incumbent, make an appeal to the bishop. In fact

"although the matter has more than once been brought to the notice of the highest authorities in the Church of England, all suggestions for reform have been definitely turned down, and no reasons given. When an organist loses his appointment, the loss of a teaching practice, often laboriously built up over a period of years, is generally involved as well. When a man has reached middle age or more, making a fresh start in another locality is no light matter. Until some reasonable security of tenure is assured, and the salaries bear some relation to the work and the responsibility involved, the difficulty of finding really good men as church organists is likely to increase rather than diminish".

A Guide to the Organ Works of Karg-Elert. By Godfrey Sceats. Pp. 50. Second edn. (Hinrichsen.) 1950.

This *Guide* first appeared in 1940. It has been enlarged and illustrated for this reprint. A most interesting compilation for all organists who have an enthusiastic attachment to the works of a great and romantic composer for the organ, it is written by a friend and a worthy interpreter of his works. In an introduction, and a short life-story we are able to see something of the human side of the man. It is evident he was temperamental, and became dispirited, and a little testy when he felt himself to be in an uncongenial atmosphere. One pawky little story is worth quoting.

"A woman who was studying the pianoforte frequently sought his advice and took up a good deal of his time—*gratis*. Finally he undertook to procure for her some music which he had recommended. By some mistake, on sending him the money for this music she overpaid the bill by 20 Pfennig, whereupon he wrote her a letter of profuse thanks for remunerating him for his services."

Mr. Sceats adds, "He was capable of that".

A selection of letters from Karg-Elert to Mr. Sceats are printed. These are written in a very forthright manner, as is shown by the following: "Much in London was for me quite detestable and spoilt the pleasure of my stay". Mr. Sceats explains that "He was bewildered by London's crowds and impatient of traffic delays, and resented having to

spend so long travelling between one place and another, although indeed everything possible was done for his comfort".

It is in the body of the book that the real value lies, for the author goes through the whole *corpus* of the works, showing a fine appreciation of their beauties; at the same time giving most helpful comments as to the degree of difficulty to be encountered. Useful advice is given on matters of *tempi*, registration, and style of performance; and throughout the book as a whole we feel that the author's voice has behind it complete authenticity.

A. C. T.

[Reviews of Music and Gramophone Records are unavoidably held over (Ed.).]

Gramophone Records

LONG-PLAYING RECORDS

EARLY in June the Decca Company issued their first list of long-playing records (LPs) for sale in the home market. These have already been tried out on our friends in the United States for rather more than two years, so they cannot be described as a new product. But in view of the widespread misconceptions and downright ignorance that are rife about LPs in England, a brief explanatory description seems to be called for.

LPs are pressed on an unbreakable plastic material in the normal 10 in. and 12 in. sizes. A 12 in. side will provide approximately twenty minutes, and a 10 in. side twelve minutes of music. The larger record costs from 35s. to 39s. 6d. according to label, the smaller from 22s. to 29s. 6d. (Purchase Tax included in every case).

These records are designed to rotate at 33.3 r.p.m. and the recorded grooves are of substantially reduced diameter compared with the conventional shellac disc. At the risk of stressing the obvious (yet experience shows this not to be so self-evident as we had supposed!), LPs can be played only on a motor which will run at 33.3 r.p.m. and with a suitably designed pick-up of very light weight, employing a permanent stylus, preferably diamond, with a tip-radius of 0.001 in. It is also necessary to provide suitable compensation for the LP recording characteristic which is different from any normal curve in use in this country for conventional 78 r.p.m. discs. If such compensation is not incorporated, the reproduction of the upper frequencies will be most unpleasant.

There is already a fair choice of motors and pick-ups being advertised, by no means all of which are really suitable. It is unfortunately inevitable that good LP equipment should be costly. The motor must run at constant speed regardless of temperature or mains fluctuation, it must contribute no noise of its own, either electrical or mechanical, to what one wishes to hear from the record, and the bearings must be machined to very close limits so that there shall be no turntable "wobble" or unwanted movement of any kind. The pick-up also must be of first class design, free from objectionable resonances, and of high grade workmanship. Such requirements can never be cheap, and no-one who is seriously interested in quality reproduction will derive lasting pleasure from long-playing records except through the medium of equipment manufactured to the highest engineering standards. The true connoisseur of recorded music should be prepared to spend about £50 on his LP motor and pick-up. To anyone who cannot afford the best equipment, our advice is to wait until you can.

The reviewer's first experiences with LPs have been very promising, but not entirely satisfactory owing to the absence of full and proper compensation for the recording characteristic. No detailed reviews, therefore, will appear until November, by which time it seems reasonable to hope that all "teething troubles" will have been overcome and that considered opinions may then be put forward.

Meanwhile interested readers are advised to make enquiries for themselves. There is no doubt that the long-playing record has come to stay and it seems probable that reproduction of very fine quality can be had by this means.

G. N. S.

Correspondence

VII Congresso Internazionale di Musica,
Florence.

15th May, 1950.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

To the Editor of THE MUSIC REVIEW.

SIR,—In the February issue of THE MUSIC REVIEW I wrote: "Can Prof. Frankel honestly say that he felt anything of the slightest weight when writing [the honeymoon] scene [in *Give Us this Day*]?" His reply is yes.

Yours faithfully,
HANS KELLER.

3, Gray's Inn Place, W.C.1.
23rd May, 1950.

A DRAMATIC ANTICIPATION OF LEPORELLO'S CATALOGUE

To the Editor of THE MUSIC REVIEW.

SIR,—Da Ponte's indebtedness, after Bertati, to an Anacreontic poem "On his own loves", Englished by Cowley in *The Account*, for a number of amorous conquests in various regions is pointed out by Mr. Lawrence Haward on p. 139 of Professor Dent's critical study of Mozart's operas (ed. 1947). It is convincing enough, as these Greek poems, whether in the original or translated, would be readily accessible to Italian librettists. But I have not seen it noted that the ludicrous situation of an underling producing on the stage a written list of such conquests existed in one of the most popular pieces in the English eighteenth century theatrical repertoire, Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer* (1706). There is no catalogue in the Restoration Don Juan play, Shadwell's *The Libertine* (1676) where Jacomo, Don Juan's valet, in a scene resembling Leporello's with Donna Elvira, says to Leonora: "He has married six within this month and promised fifteen more, all whom he has enjoyed and left", although earlier in this first act the word occurs when he says to his master: "Not one in all the catalogue of sins has escaped you." In the first scene of Farquhar's comedy, however, there is the following dialogue between the recruiting officer Captain Plume and Sergeant Kite (Garrick's first part, *act. 11*) apropos of the former's newborn child by "Molly at the castle", whom Plume says Kite must father:

Kite: . . . But your honour knows that I am married already.

Plume: To how many?

Kite: I can't tell readily—I have set them down here upon the back of the muster-roll. [*Draws it out.*] Let me see,—*Imprimis*, Mrs. Sheely Snikereyes; she sells potatoes upon Ormond Key in Dublin—Peggy Guzzle, the brandy-woman, at the Horse-Guard at Whitehall—Dolly Waggon, the carrier's daughter at Hull—Mademoiselle Van-Bottomflat at the Buss.—Then Jenny Oakam, the ship-carpenter's widow, at Portsmouth; but I don't reckon upon her, for she was married at the same time to two lieutenants of marines, and a man-of-war's boatswain.

Plume: A full company!—You have named five—come, make 'em half-a-dozen, Kite. Is the child a boy or a girl?

Kite: A chopping boy.

Plume: Then set the mother down in your list, and the boy in mine. . . .

Later in the play (Act III, Sc. 1) Worthy's description of the other recruiting officer, Brazen, "Then he's a Caesar among the women, *Veni, vidi, vici*, that's all; he has but talked with the maid, he swears he has lain with the mistress", is in point.

I can find no translation of *The Recruiting Officer* before a French one of 1822 in a collection of famous "foreign" plays. Can Bertati or Da Ponte have been aware of the comedy before 1787, or are these just coincidences?

Yours faithfully,
E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN.

190, Holywood Road,
Belfast.

BACH ON THE PIANO

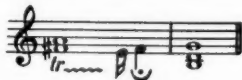
To the Editor of THE MUSIC REVIEW.

SIR,—It was with great interest that I read Miss Liselotte Selbiger's remarks on Phrasing and Articulation in her article on "Bach on the Piano". Permit me to add a few words on the relation between articulation and ornamentation.

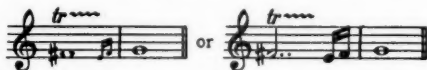
A glance at the keyboard music of Bach, or any other old master, will show that shakes and mordents frequently occur on dotted notes. Dannreuther in his *Musical Ornaments*, Vol. I, p. 161, quotes Bach as saying: "Shakes upon a note with a dot stop at or near the dot—a short note following the dot is usually taken somewhat shorter than it is written." Leopold Mozart's rule that the dot ought always to be held a little longer (*ibid.*, p. 191) is also worth mentioning; likewise Frescobaldi's precept from his Preface to the Toccatas: "The last note of a shake . . . is to be held, no matter whether the said note be a quaver or a semi-quaver, and so forth" (*ibid.*, p. 51). Frescobaldi gives the following example:



which Dannreuther says will come to something like this in modern notation:



I would suggest that Frescobaldi meant the third note from the end of the bar as being the last note of the shake which was to be held a little longer, the other two notes, E and F sharp, being closing notes. The shake in modern notation would be written like this:



I agree with Miss Selbiger when she says in the section marked Ornamentation that "a shake in a slow movement may be played slowly", but I think that what was quoted above about the dot should be kept in mind so that a passage like that in her example No. 14 may be correctly articulated.

It is only a short step from here to the assumption that it was one of the functions of the graces to indicate articulation. (It is admitted that there are other ways of marking articulation, as Miss Selbiger has shown.) When Bach does not wish a note with a shake to be detached from the succeeding note, he is careful to tie them. The following examples are taken from his *Notenbüchlein für Anna Magdalena Bach*, 1725 (Edition G. D. W. Callwey, Munich). Rondeau by F. Couperin (p. 46):



(my articulation marks)

Solo per il Cembalo by Bach (p. 81):





This practice is by no means confined to Bach. Purcell used ornaments for the purpose of indicating articulation, choosing, however, a "fore-fall" or a "back-fall", i.e. an *appoggiatura* from below or above, on a plain note after a shake where Bach in the above example has a tie, when he wishes two consecutive notes not to be detached from each other. There is sufficient internal evidence for the claim that Byrd, Bull, and Gibbons used ornaments in their keyboard music in a similar manner.

Finally a word of warning from Frescobaldi regarding ornaments written out in full by the composer (Dannreuther, Vol. I, p. 48): "If the right hand has a shake, or if the left hand has one, and the other hand at the same time plays a passage, you must not divide note for note, but simply take care that the shake be rapid and the passage expressive and less rapid; else there will be confusion."

Yours faithfully,

R. BEER.

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